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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XXXVIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901. | NO. 39

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—James M. Barnett.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—P. R. Cotter, Eldred; E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—J. W. Campbell, Kane.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; J. Lester Ward, Port Allegany; Frank McKeown, Mt. Jewett.
Mercantile Appraiser—Alf. Evans, Kane.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Kendall Creek.
County School Sup't—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; J. Colegrove, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Chas. E. Johnson, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—F. D. Gallup, president, E. E. Mayo, treasurer, Jane N. Forsythe, secretary, Emma Gifford, Jno. N. Apple, G. M. Colegrove.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—F. E. Tull.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, J. A. Holder.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
FRANCIS H. FREEMAN, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
JOHN NELSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
JOHN NELSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Prest.
Mrs. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in Wells Hall.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in Wells Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
MRS. ETTA HOGARTH, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Prest.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. MRS. A. M. BOARDMAN, W. M. MRS. LELLIE T. COLEGROVE, Secretary.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—GAYLORD H. PATTERSON, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran—P. E. NORDGREN, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening services at 7:45. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. services every alternate Tuesday at 8

Colegrove—REV. W. F. TUBBS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont church—REV. W. F. TUBBS, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Professional Cards.

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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. ☞ First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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BAYER HOUSE,
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accomodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors
Oct. 19 1894.—17.

M. J. Norris,
TONSORIAL ARTIST, has opened a barber shop in Gaskill & Grant's news depot, where he is ready to serve all patrons. Shaving and hair cutting executed in a strictly first class manner. A trial is all I ask, as I am confident can suit you.

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Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
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March 1, 1900.

DAWN AT VENICE.

One hundred cloud fast turned a jagged prow;
The conscious water nestled deep among
Her murky gondolas that, bow on bow,
Freighted with shadows at the mole swung.

Soon palace and campanile into sight,
Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes
Till dawn's approach across the waves of night
Flushed the rose blood the sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God
One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove
Santa Maria's lofty threshold trod—
A shower of morning lit by light and love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and home,
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day
[illegible] round the dome,
While [illegible] women followed in to pray.
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Scribner's Magazine.

CATARINA

A SKETCH.

From such surroundings? Yes, perhaps because of such surroundings. Genius will flourish anywhere, and genius has the happy faculty of bending every difficulty to its own advantage. At any rate, though genius itself is apt to be very dubious respecting this comforting doctrine, I cannot but think that Princes road made Catarina. Yet, truly, what a setting for such a pearl!

Her mother was an Italian, her father had died while she was still a child, and from that day Catarina was marked by fate. The mother had bought a greengrocer's shop in that very unlovely Princes road I have referred to, and there, ensconced in that little fortress—it might be truly said hardly ever quitting guard—she had begun and carried on through long years one of those terrible, grim, silent struggles with poverty, disaster and death with which London is replete. She had survived, she had been always able just to keep her head above water, but heaven only knows at the cost of what heroism, of what intelligence and of what privations in that little sea of troubles in which her lot was cast!

The older inhabitants of Princes road still remember her as a buxom and high spirited young woman, speaking English very badly, but shrewd enough withal. But the years had gradually robbed her of every trace of her former beauty, and from the first day I knew her she was a prematurely old, quiet, careworn dame, her face sallow and withered, her cheeks drawn and sunken, her hair dry and dusty, and if any [illegible] remained to give assurance to the memory of her charms it was in her Italian eye, sad, but deep, lustrous, blazing up at times with some inward fire or occasionally revealing the strange, yearning, hunted look of a poor child of the sunny south wearing out her life in a sombre clime and among an alien people.

No; there was another testimony to her former beauty. Catarina! She was about 12 when I saw her first, and most children are pretty at that age, but no one with the eye of an artist or with insight into character could once gaze upon Catarina's countenance without [illegible] this strange, foreign looking creature was predestined to a "career."

Catarina was often to be found in the shop about that time or in the little "parlour" that served for everything at the back. She was generally to be found there. In fact, for, though she [illegible] school and was not a particularly shining light in the paths of learning, the girl was devoured with a rage for reading. There she was to be found as often as not with a smudge upon her short nose from having handled dirty potatoes, perched up or crouched down with a novelette, a story book, a book of travel, of adventure. She was extraordinarily precocious in her understanding of the world, but as much as she was backward in physical development, for she was small for her size. Even then she was ambitious; she was more than ambitious; she was fiery and resolute. One saw it in the flash of the wonderful eyes as she glanced up quickly from her book, seeming in one earnest dart to look through your own eyes into something, possibly the soul, behind!

She was delightfully shy, though confident; timid, though fiery, rapid, though tender. When she dropped her eyes, there was a fascination that depended on no mere demureness, that must indeed have been something unconscious, for it seemed really to be due to the lashes, with their long and peculiar fanlike sweep.

Catarina had resolved even to be an actress. By a sort of instinct she perceived that that was the only avenue by which she could escape from the surroundings of Princes road, which at the same time she loathed and acquiesced in with a natural and even affectionate familiarity.

Catarina would weigh out a pound of potatoes with "East Lynne" in her hand. She would haggle over an odd halfpenny with the asparagus man, dreaming—for she was always dreaming—of the most brilliant conquests, the most illustrious situations of the boards!

* * * * * * *

Catarina had been six months in "the profession." By dint of what exertions, of what energy, resolution, had she carried her point? It was heroic, but of that kind of heroism which is utterly unconscious to the doer. Catarina knew a world of things, and she had nerves of steel. She had succeeded. And then her chance came. At least as one tosses a ball of worsted to a kitten they had given Catarina an interpolated "song and dance."

She could not sing a "little bit," for, though her voice had a quality as though the sense of touch had somehow been dissolved into it, the volume of sound in singing was altogether too feeble. The audience laughed, laughed even at the beautiful Italian eyes, simply because they were "new," until Catarina began to dance. They had taught her steps for a fortnight, but in her excitement she had forgotten them. She fell back upon the steps her mother had taught her and upon her genius. Her dancing spoke; it sang, it laughed, it teased, yes, like the very kitten with the worsted it fascinated; it struck fireworks, it brought down the house in a thunderclap of sudden, impetuous, astonished applause.

I met her going home one night shortly afterward. She had slipped away and was actually trudging or, rather, stepping it, like a fairy on foot. Perhaps she liked the walk; perhaps it was the habit of the old days when a halfpenny loomed vast as a sovereign. She was beautifully dressed, though outwardly enveloped in a coarse cloak.

It came on to rain, and I suggested we should take a hansom. She consented with the air, in her it was no affectation, of a princess, giving me her dainty little hand. On the way down Bayswater road she alternately laughed and cried for joy, and her whole pleasure was that she would be able to make the "mater" a countess.

"The mater, you know, suffers, although she never complains. She has indigestion."

Poor mater! I thought of that long campaign of suffering, of privation, even doubtless at times of starvation, and Catarina knew it. We came near Princes road.

"Tell him to stop!" Catarina cried suddenly. Then with the confidence of old acquaintance:

"I can't bear to tell any one my address is Princes road. I abhor it. But the mater is positively loath to leave it."

"Catarina," I said, "no one, I hope, judges you by—"

She started up as if she had been struck by a whip, her eyes in the moonlight glaring like those of a tiger, throwing a luster upon the pallid, beautiful countenance.

The sudden glance recalled to my mind the picture of the "mater" maimed and bruised from the terrible battle of life, with her broken English, garnished with the hideous slang of Princes road, which she had placidly accepted as the English vernacular.

"Catarina," I pursued firmly, "no one, I hope, judges you by Princes road."

She seized my hand. The tears gushed to her eyes. "I thought you were going to say something else. If you had, by Jove, I'd 'a' gone for you!"

We walked on in silence till we came to the little greengrocer's shop. I was about to bid Catarina good night, but she said: "Come in for a minute and talk to the mater. She sits up waiting for me always. And if you tell her I danced well she could listen to you telling it a hundred times."

We entered through the darkness of the shop. A pale light shone, however, through the crack in the parlor door. Catarina, a little surprised that the mater had not opened to greet her, called out, "Mater, mater, mater!" as she entered the room.

There the mater sat in the old armchair. In front of her on the table was a little painting representing herself as a young girl of about Catarina's age. Beside the painting was Catarina's latest photograph. A newspaper was still in her hand. Her face was smoothed of wrinkles in its last repose. In the pale light of the lamp it had an expression almost of joy.—Black and White.

The Inquisitive Antelope.

An antelope is as curious as a woman. If the hunter will lie down in the grass and wave a red handkerchief, a band of antelope will keep circling around until within reasonable distance for a safe shot. After completing a circle the antelope halt suddenly and bring down one fore foot with a vigorous stamp on the ground, and at the same instant they make a sort of snort that sounds like a half whistle. That is the propitious moment for peppering them with rifle balls.

I learned this trick when a frontiersman came along and found me crawling for miles on the level prairie endeavoring to get a shot at one of the timid creatures. The man asked me if I thought I could get him. I answered, "Get him! I've got to get him. I'm out of meat." He then posted me [illegible] handkerchief, and I found they liked that better than chasing, and I made an entry right there that an antelope possessed some of the characteristics of a woman.—Exchange.

Masquerading In the Past.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Venice set the fashion in all matters of amusement and was a sort of combination of our Monte Carlo and Paris. Throughout the eighteenth century the Venetians were seized with a perfect mania for masquerading and gambling. Paris and London followed suit, and the two most popular amusements, both public and private, were masquerades and gambling saloons. People not only wore their masks or visors at balls, but in the Mall and the parks and the theaters. At length matters got to such a pass that when a police raid was made on a certain low dancing place in Soho and an order was given for every one to unmask what was the amazement of the police to find that at least a third of the company consisted of ladies and gentlemen of the highest aristocracy, some of whom had even brought their daughters.—Saturday Review.

Cooking a Mackerel.

Many a dainty nose with beauty and fortune behind it has been airily elevated at the mention of plain, old fashioned salt mackerel, but never at the salt mackerel as cooked by the famous John Chamberlin of Washington. His testimony runs to this effect.

"Take one or more mackerel and soak about 48 hours, changing the water once. Then put them in a pan large enough to hold them, cover them with cream or the nearest you can get to it, put in oven and cook until cream is brown. This beats any mackerel cooking on earth."—New York Herald.

A Business Tonic.

Advertising is not a cure all for business ills, but a pharmacopia of business tonics. All depends upon the prescribing. Magazine space is good for certain business diseases that will never yield to billboards, while the newspaper is the quinine for business chills that are beyond the power of dodgers. Every remedy in the list has its uses, and the whole result of treatment depends upon the doctor.—Printers' Ink.

Arriving at a Total.

Tax Collector—How much is your husband worth?

Mrs. Wise—About a million.

Tax Collector—Are you sure?

Mrs. Wise—Oh, yes. You see, the jury awarded him $2,000 for the loss of a finger. I think in proportion the rest of him would be worth about 500 times as much.—Chicago News.

Losing No Chances.

[illegible] doctor called [illegible] heartily [illegible] patients. Ha! ha! ha! There's not much the matter with you, though I do believe that if you were on your deathbed you'd make a joke.

Irrepressible Patient—Why, of course I should. It would be my last chance.—Punch.

Gold In California.

The Society of California Pioneers determined after careful investigation that Jan. [illegible] 1848, was the exact date of the discovery of gold in California by James W. Marshall. The gold was found in the [illegible] bed of the raceway of [illegible] mill [illegible] on the south fork of the American river.

The highest clouds float at 27,000 feet; Mount [illegible] is 29,002 feet. The highest [illegible] balloon ascent [illegible] 000 feet.

Women were first permitted to become employees in government offices in 1862.

VOICES.

When bloodroot [illegible] and trillium flowers
Unclasp their stars to sun and rain,
My heart strikes hands with winds and showers
And wanders in the woods again.

Oh, singing impulse, born of spring,
That makes glad April of my soul,
No bird, however wild of wing,
Is more impatient of control!

Impetuous of pulse it beats
Within my blood and bears me hence;
Above the house tops and the streets
I hear its happy eloquence.

It tells me all that I would know,
Of birds and buds, of blooms and bees;
I seem to hear the blossoms blow
And leaves unfolding on the trees.

I seem to hear the bluebells ring
Faint purple peals of fragrance and
The honey scented poppies fling
Their golden laughter o'er the land.

It calls to me, it sings to me,
I hear its far voice night and day;
I cannot choose but go when free
And flowers dance, "Come away!"
—Madison Cawein in "Weeds by the Wall."

Hunted Down

BY M. QUAD.

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I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodations at some chalet instead of at the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quiet. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven up, and I [illegible] to sum him up. [illegible] in a country [illegible] must have come from beyond [illegible] state [illegible] The horse looked weary [illegible] in the afternoon [illegible] that he must [illegible] away [illegible] the color of his [illegible] goggles, though [illegible] dark day. A person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a [illegible] of the glasses every two or three minutes even if he has to remove them occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every once in a while he put up his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown one for a disguise. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect [illegible] Why did [illegible] health [illegible] the mountains [illegible] and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Bracely, as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for seclusion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further.

He was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw from his table manners that he had been used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child.

WAS SMOKING ON THE VERANDA.

The heels of his boots, as I observed, were very trim. He was therefore a man who did little walking. He had the curve of shoulders and neck which come to one who sits a great deal. Now and then he leaned back and locked his fingers, as most public officials do when a caller enters. He claimed to have nervous trouble. That was or was not a good excuse for his presence. A door slammed, and he jumped. That showed nerves. The diligence rattled past on its way from the railroad station to the big hotel, and Mr. Bracely slyly and furtively peered out of the window. That was the action of a fugitive from justice.

In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight bated American. He was a public official. It was his first time abroad. He was in disguise and a fugitive. Whatever boodle he had with him was in his undershirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. That boodle was probably in drafts, as he made cautious inquiries about bankers. Mr. Bracely removed his goggles and turned down his coat collar and spoke in a natural tone after he got installed, but he did not wander far from the house and sought no other company. He asked for no papers, but when I bought copies of a New York daily at the hotel and took them home to read he could scarcely control his impatience until he had his hands on them.

I am no man hunter. I did not go to the police or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty, he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't murder unless done in the heat of passion, for he was sentimental and tender hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called in a doctor and went to bed. Mental worry, you see. I had finished my supper and was smoking my pipe on the little veranda when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he furtively eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than seeking for lodgings. As he came to a halt and looked me over he gave himself away as a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and [illegible] clearly [illegible] his face. He [illegible] of a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer. It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Bracely's theft and flight. My diagnosis had been positively correct. There was the man under his thumb. He had followed him for three months and had only to climb a flight of 11 steps to lay hands on him, but it never happened. I was mum. I was not interested in the case beyond proving my observations. He talked for two hours and then went away, saying that he should hang about for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Bracely was missing. His bedroom window was over the veranda, and he had heard all.

When three days had passed and no trace of the missing man had been had, he was given away to the detective by one of the town officials. He had left the chalet lightly clad, without food or baggage and in a fever, and the idea was that he had lost himself on the mountains and would perish if not found. Parties were sent out in search, and it was not long before evidences were found. When the fugitive discovered that he had been hunted down and was about to be arrested for his crime, there was nothing left for him but to take to the mountains and find a temporary covert until he could plan a little. Weak, ill, without food and thinly clad, he could not keep his life over two or three days. In the gloom of that first night he had traveled nearly two miles, making up the mountains by a path. Then he had wandered from the path and fallen over a bank 30 feet high into a stream. The rushing waters had carried him down a mile or more, and they found his dead body wedged between two great rocks.

When the coroner overhauled the effects found on the body, there came to light $5,000 in English money and drafts for nearly $200,000 more. His name was not Bracely, of course, but as the city treasurer of a town in the west he had gobbled its last dollar and fled to enjoy his ill gotten gains on the other side of the ocean. He had not spent a thousand dollars as yet or taken a moment's comfort. He had too much conscience and not enough nerve. If he had got safely away, he would never have enjoyed himself. As I looked down on his dead body and thought of his shattered and disgraced life I felt something more than a passing sorrow. As I helped carry the bruised and battered corpse down to the townhouse for inquest and burial I found tears in my eyes and pity in my heart.

Manila In 1588.

Manila is well planted and inhabited with Spaniards to the number of 600 or 700 persons, which dwell in a town unwalled, which hath three or four small blockhouses, part made of wood and part of stone, being indeed of no great strength. They have one or two small galleys belonging to the town. It is a very rich place, of gold and other commodities, and they have yearly traffic from Acapulco in Nueva Espanna and also 20 or 30 ships from China and from the Sanguelos (people from Sanga, in Japan), which bring them many sorts of merchandise. The merchants of China and the Sanguelos are part Moors and part heathen people. They bring great store of gold with them, which they traffic and exchange for silver and give weight for weight.

These Sanguelos are men of marvelous capacity in devising and making all manner of things; especially in all handicrafts and sciences, and every one is so expert, perfect and skillful in his faculty, as few or no Christians are able to go beyond them in that which they take in hand. For drawing and embroidering upon satin, silk or lawn, either beast, fowl, fish or worm, for liveliness and perfectness both in silk, silver, gold and pearl, they excel.—"Cavendish, First Voyage."

Best Butter In the World.

[illegible] superior to that of all other countries. It brings the highest price in fancy markets and can be found all over the world in shops where luxuries are sold. In South America, South Africa, in the East and West Indies, in India, Egypt and in tropical countries generally it is used by epicures, who pay $1 a pound for it in tins of one, two and three pounds' weight. No other country has been able to produce butter that will stand changes of climate so well.

Refrigerator ships are now found on nearly all the big steamship routes, and they can carry perishables as long and as far as necessary, but butter shipped by the ordinary cargo steamer usually melts and remains in a liquid state as long as it is exposed to the tropic heat. When it passes into the temperate zone again, it hardens, and the change usually spoils it for the taste, entirely destroying the flavor and leaving it like ordinary grease or oil. The Danes, however, produce a butter which will endure this ordeal without affecting its flavor or sweetness, and they are the only people of whom this may be said.—Chicago Herald.

"De Choppin."

"Speakin 'bout partnerships," said Moses, with a solemn shake of the head—"speakin 'bout partnerships wid a white man, I'ze had one an don't want no mo'. One time Kurnel Dawsen dun cums ober to my cabin wid a bland smile on his face an shakes hands wid me an says:

"'Moses, let's yo' an me go into partnership in de wood bizness. Yo's a powerful hand to chop, an I'ze a powerful hand to sell cord wood.'

"'Pears like a mighty good thing to me, an I goes at it an cuts 50 cords of wood. Bimeby I goes down to de kurnel for my sheer ob de money, an he smiles an shakes hands an says:

"'I'ze got it all figgered out, Moses. In de fust place, I purvided de timber. In de next place, I purvided de ax. Den I sent my mewls to draw de wood, an I spent my time to sell it. Dat 'pears to take in de hull ob de case.'

"'But whar does de choppin cum in?' I says.

"'De choppin? Oh, dat was exercise an don't count!'"—New York Sun.

Hunger and Ideas.

If you wish to increase your imaginative powers, says a scientist, go without food. Abstinence from food till the pangs of hunger make themselves distinctly felt will quicken your mental powers and stimulate the flow of ideas, such ideas being of a kind that agree with the regular bent of your mind.

This seems to offer good prospects not only to literary men, but also to machine makers and all those who are on the watch for some improvement or invention that will revolutionize some industry. But you must be careful or you will overdo it. Prolonged fasting, according to the same authority, creates a desire to commit some horrible crime, makes you wild and cruel. The prolonged faster becomes a prey to hallucinations, is unable to sleep and likely to go mad. In short, abstinence from food for long periods and "long periods" is a term that varies with the individual—induces the same effects as drunkenness.

A Chinese Trick of War.

A curious artifice of war was adopted by a Chinese junk when attacked by a man of war. The crew threw cocoanuts overboard into the sea and then jumped in among them. Nearly all escaped, for it was impossible to tell which were heads and which were nuts.

A Modern Instance.

"Hear about that American young woman paying $1,000,000 for a cigarette holder?"

"Get out!"

"Fact. I believe it also had a title or something."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A WISH.

So let me hence as one
Whose part in the world has been dreamed out and done—
One that hath fairly earned and spent,
In pride of heart and jubilance of blood,
Such wages, be they counted bad or good,
As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved to pay,
And having wrought and suffered and passed on
Those gifts the arbiters preferred and gave,
Fare, grateful and content,
Down the dim way,
Whereby races innumerable have gone
Into the silent universe of the grave.

Grateful for what hath been,
For what my hand hath done, mine eyes have seen,
My heart been privileged to know;
With all my lips in love have brought
To lips that yearned in love to them and wrought
In the way of wrath and pity and sport and song—
Content, this miracle of being alive
Dwindling, that I, thrice weary of worst and best,
May shut my [illegible] and go
From right and wrong
And, ceasing to regret and long and strive,
Accept the past and be forever at rest.
—W. E. Henley in North American Review.

THE OLD BLUE JAR

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, partly thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a peculiar interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phoebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadfully lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddler vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intention and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically:

"Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are [illegible]"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine, and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the [illegible] bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day [illegible] when Clementine packed her trunk [illegible] to stuff the [illegible] the precious article [illegible] no risks of breakage on the voyage [illegible] when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. Awhile he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his attentions. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments.

So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations.

Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifler with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these [illegible] found her speechless with astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old [illegible] and hurried from the room.

Randall [illegible] the pitfall of the old [illegible] would stay [illegible] Clementine returned.

What she said to [illegible] as she flew upon [illegible] the mandarin [illegible]

As Randall [illegible] his instinct and [illegible] that's keen sense of [illegible] her safely through the trying [illegible] came straight into the [illegible] ing in one hand the blinking [illegible] darin and in the other the [illegible] ter he had [illegible] clever old fellow.

Randall met the [illegible] half way, and as she [illegible] on his shoulder [illegible] never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed [illegible] the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to [illegible] there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never [illegible] and Clementine never told, the [illegible] responsibility of this revelation [illegible] between you and me and the [illegible]

The Big Ships of the Past.

Gigantic as are the [illegible] devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the Mauriganfaul or Prasam [illegible] masts were so high that a [illegible] aloft [illegible] grey headed [illegible] so spacious that the captain had [illegible] about on horseback to give [illegible] and whose length was so great that when swinging in the channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion while her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais.

But we have [illegible] to some respects the dimensions of [illegible] great ship which was 42 [illegible] 57 feet broad and 72 feet in depth of hold and which carried 4,000 [illegible] and 3,000 mariners, besides [illegible] soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, king of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbor in Sicily could contain her.

This problem of harbor accommodation is one that is already troubling the owners of modern steam monsters and is placing a limit on their growth.—Monthly Review.

About Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression, "God bless you!" uttered after some one has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood of the World," dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that [illegible] and had the fatality set aside on condition that among all nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you!" In [illegible] one of the books of the [illegible] Scriptures, we read that [illegible] sion was, "May the [illegible] low you to live!"

Buddha [illegible] preaching to his disciples [illegible] sneeze. The priests gave vent [illegible] exclamation, and Buddha [illegible] for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes, [illegible] "and you say, 'May he [illegible] live the longer?'"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it [illegible] any the sooner?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "[illegible] forth if any one sneeze and [illegible] says, 'May you live!' he shall be [illegible] of a transgression."

The Destructive Porpoise.

Seeing that an ordinary porpoise is from five to six feet in length and will require some 500 ordinary mackerel or their equivalent per week to keep it in fair condition—and there cannot be less than from 20,000 to 30,000 of these creatures living in British and [illegible] waters the drain upon the shoals of mackerel living in these seas from this source alone must be enormous, for if these creatures only feed on them [illegible] half of the year about 4[illegible] mackerel must be destroyed without man or beast receiving any equivalent. These animals are not easily taken by hand, being so intelligent and active. I believe I am safe in saying there were extensive fisheries carried on for them in the sixteenth century at St. Mawes and Fowey, Cornwall, and in most of the narrow harbors of Britain, their flesh being highly valued by the gentry in those days, but now [illegible] of them is appropriated to man's use in England.—Contemporary Review.

How Sponges Are Sold.

When offered for sale in the local market in the Bahamas, sponges are either piled up [illegible] strands or heads of from twenty to ten sponges each. The best sponges are usually made into strings of from eight to ten sponges each. Others are generally sold in lots not strung. The buyer, however, is not guided in his purchase by the number of sponges on a string, but by what a certain lot will weigh, and the weight is not given, but the buyer must estimate it. Hence practical experience is needed in the purchasing of sponges.

His Cork Legs.

"Along about 1880," said a veteran physician, "I amputated the legs of a man who was blown up in a boiler explosion and helped him procure a couple of cork substitutes. As soon as he was able to be about he went fishing, fell in and was rescued just in the nick of time. He was laid up for several weeks and then sued me for damages."

"But why?"

"The cork legs stood him on his head in the water."—Detroit Free Press.

A Case of Overcrowding.

"I don't see why I keep on getting so much fatter. I only eat two meals a day."

"I know, my love. But you should [illegible] insist upon crowding your [illegible] and luncheon into one meal [illegible] dinner and a late supper into the other."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy or Impossible.

A remark imputed to Victor Hugo [illegible] reply to a young man who asked him if it was difficult to write poetry is both witty and true, but it is [illegible] witty than true.

"My dear sir," the poet is said to have replied, "it is either easy or impossible!"

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1901.

Republican Ticket.

FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE
WILLIAM P. POTTER
of Pittsburg.

FOR STATE TREASURER
FRANK G. HARRIS
of Clearfield.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. W. BOYD,
of Bradford

FOR CORONER,
B. H. HALL, M. D.,
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
B. G. BARTLE,
of Port Allegany.

MRS. WM. MCKINLEY is seriously ill at her home in Canton, Ohio. She is completely broken down in spirit and has expressed a desire to join her husband in the great beyond. Unless something can be done to cheer her up she will not live long.

THE Republican ticket to be voted for and elected this fall is a strong one. Every man on it is well worthy of the office he seeks and all Republicans should support the ticket from top to bottom. The Republican party has made this country what it is and it is a duty you owe yourself and family to vote the ticket straight.

EDWARD SAFTIG, a Pole was locked up in St. Louis Monday on suspicion of being a crook and when taken before Chief of Detectives Desmond stated that he was an accomplice of Czolgosz in the killing of President McKinley but his nerve failed him and he did not assist. The police think he is a crank looking for notoriety. His story is a pretty straight one, however, and an investigation will be made.

YELLOW journalism is the journalism that pries into private affairs, that stations illkempt and odoriferous hirelings at keyholes, that lays bare sacred and cherished household traditions and secrets to the gaze of the vulgar and debased. It respects no man or woman and no man or woman respects it. It is an enemy of peace, of decency and the home. It flaunts vice in the eyes of innocence, and invades the sanctity of the very church. It brazenly plumes itself on its own effrontery and makes boast of the horrors of life that it carefully and persistently reveals.—National Printer Journalist.

IN answer to an inquiry Auditor General E. B. Hardenbergh says "It has become quite a favorite pastime for the various insurgent newspapers throughout the State to reiterate the false statements that have been published from time to time regarding the alleged cost of the Pennsylvania Building at the Pan American Exposition. We have had a number of inquiries regarding the cost of this building and desire to inform you, as we have informed others, that the [illegible] which is considerably under the figure alleged by the newspapers referred to; of course a large part of this amount will be refunded by the sale of the building."

AS an Associated Press writer says, there was one feature absolutely unique in the history of the country on Thursday. It was the silencing of the telegraph. Never before since the electricity was first put to use as a means of communication from city to city, and from country to country, has there taken place, it is said, anything paralleling even in a small way, what was done Thursday afternoon on a scale that was gigantic. Upon orders from the officials of the different telegraph companies, or upon the common impulse of the operators where direct instructions were not received, the entire telegraph system of the United States was suddenly hushed for five minutes at 2:30 p. m., the hour set for lowering the late President's body into the grave at Canton. At that moment, on all the huge network of wires from the Atlantic to the Pacific, not a "sounder" in the land gave even a single tick, and the great ocean cables were as pulseless as the corpse of the late Chief Magistrate himself. More than once, prior to that day, thousands of miles of railway and vast armies of men, industrial or military, have paused as a tribute to the dead, but the cessation of the telegraph for such a cause or, indeed, for any reason, is without precedent in the world's record. It is estimated that fully 100,000 telegraphers thus simultaneously paid homage to the memory of McKinley.

CONGRESS will make special provision for the payment of the physicians and surgeons who attended the late President McKinley at Buffalo, and for the payment of his funeral expenses, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. This was the course pursued after the death of President Garfield. What these expenses will amount to in the case of President McKinley cannot be stated even approximately as none of the bills have yet been sent in. In the case of President Garfield, Congress appropriated in all $57,500. Of this amount $45,500 was for the payment of the physicians and $22,000 for the funeral expenses. The total expenses in the case of President McKinley will probably be fully as great, for, though the bills of the physicians will not be so large as they were in the case of President Garfield, who lingered for more than two months after he was shot, the expenses of the funeral are expected to be larger. The principal item, as in the case of the Garfield funeral, will be for railway transportation. This will include the special train which brought the funeral party from Buffalo to Washington, the special train of three sections which carried the party to Canton, and the special train of five sections back to Washington. Congress not only paid President Garfield's funeral expenses, but also made liberal provision for Mrs. Garfield. She was paid her husband's salary for the remainder of the year, was given a pension of $5,000 per year for the remainder of her life, and was given the franking privilege by which she can use the mails without the payment of postage. Mrs. McKinley will certainly be treated with equal liberality.

CZOLGOSZ FOUND GUILTY.

Death Sentence Will Be Pronounced This Afternoon.

Leon F. Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was found guilty of murder in the first degree on Tuesday by a jury in Part III of the Supreme Court in having on the sixth day of September shot President William McKinley, the wounds inflicted by such gunshots afterwards resulting in the death of the President.

The wheels of justice moved swiftly. The trial of the assassin consumed eight hours and twenty-six minutes and covered a period of only two days. Practically all of this time was occupied by the prosecution in presenting a case so clear, so conclusive that even had the prisoner entered the plea of insanity, it is doubtful if the jury would have returned a verdict different from the one rendered yesterday.

The announcement made Tuesday afternoon by the attorneys for Czolgosz that the eminent alienists summoned by the Erie County Bar Association and by the District Attorney to examine Czolgosz and to determine his exact mental condition had declared him to be perfectly sane destroyed the only vestige of a defense that Judges Lewis and Titus could have put together.

Before adjournment Justice White announced that he would pronounce sentence upon the defendant this afternoon at 2 o'clock and he will probably be electrocuted during the week of October 28. Czolgosz was immediately taken through the tunnel under Delaware Avenue back to the jail. To all appearance he was in no way affected by the result of the trial.

The crowd which gathered at the City Hall Tuesday was the largest which has seen him since the arrest. People were lined up on both sides of the big rotunda on the second floor, where court convened, and fringed the stairs leading from the floor above. There was no demonstration, except that of curiosity. A large number of women witnessed yesterday's proceedings.

At 2:44 Tuesday afternoon District Attorney Penney abruptly announced that the case of the prosecution was ended.

President is a Prisoner.

One would naturally think that the chief executive of so great a nation as ours would not only be exempt from some obligations which fall upon the average citizen, but would enjoy certain privileges peculiar to the highest office within the gift of the people. This is not the case, however. The fact that the President of the United States is the only law abiding and reason possessing citizen thereof whom custom holds a prisoner within limited bounds is brought out very forcibly by John Elfreth Watkins, Jr., in an interesting article on "Some Things the President Does Not Do" in the October Ladies' Home Journal. It shows that in the spending of his leisure time the President is more restricted than the janitor who daily empties his waste-basket. Nor he must not leave the country, even for a day. This is an old, unwritten law. Neither can he go aboard a foreign warship, even when anchored in our harbors and when flying the colors of a friendly state, or make a formal call upon any one except a President elect, an ex-President, a President of a foreign State or a reigning monarch visiting our capital. He must not receive any but intimate friends on Sunday or occupy other than the seat of honor at any dinner. He must never occupy the left side of a carriage seat, or cross the threshold of a foreign embassy's residence in Washington, for that is foreign ground. These are a few of the many laws with which custom restricts our Presidents.

McKinley's Estate.

The estate of the late William McKinley, twenty-fourth President of the United States, is small in money value but one of the largest in honor and high examples of good citizenship ever left in this country, says the Buffalo Commercial.

It is reported that aside from his life insurance Mr. McKinley left an estate not exceeding $70,000, of which $50,000 is cash—the savings from his salary. He had no investments in any of the remunerative enterprises of the day and was exceedingly scrupulous about keeping out of all money-making schemes affected by legislation. When the earnings and savings of a lifetime were swept away through his endorsement of the paper of a friend, assistance was offered to him by his devoted friends, Mark Hanna and others, which he refused. Then a general subscription was made and his debts paid without consultation with him. He never knew the name of one of the five thousand subscribers and never could repay them. The incident reflects honor of the beneficiary of this remarkable exhibition of personal esteem and on all persons concerned in it. William McKinley was a public man who had neither the time nor the inclination to make money. He lived simply, on his salary, and was content.

State Sunday School Convention.

The State convention of Sunday school workers at Chester, October 8 to 10, will meet in Madison street Methodist Episcopal church. The reports for the year by State field workers will show the most remarkable progress. County conventions have been larger and more impressive than ever before, with great advances in Normal work, Home Department, House to House visitation and Decision Day. The State convention leaders like Messrs. Heinz, Wanamaker, McCormick, Blackall, Henry, Gill, Ross and others with notable speakers from every part of the field will afford a program rich, inspiring and helpful. All Sunday school workers are invited to attend. Card orders for reduced railroad fares good from Friday, October 4, giving Sunday in Philadelphia, and credentials may be obtained from State Association, 913 Crozer Bldg., Philadelphia.

THE anarchists under arrest at Chicago are to go free. In the hearing before Judge Chetlain the prosecution said there was no evidence against them and agreed to their discharge. Similar action was taken in the case of Emma Goldman in the lower court.

For Sale—Cheap. A good heavy lumber wagon and bark rack in good condition. For particulars call on or address W. PRESTON, Ramer farm, Smethport, Pa.
tf.

Notice.

A good girl wanted for general house work. Apply at 502 East Main street or W. D. at the office of the Camp glass works.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Sept. 23, 1901.

President Roosevelt has announced his desire that all the members of the present Cabinet retain their places. Like most of the news authorized by him, this information is decisive and unqualified. He has a way of telling the newspaper men just as much of his business as he thinks fit, and then, with a pleasant smile, shutting his mouth and the door on them simultaneously. This is all right for the press representatives who are really after the news, but it is hard on the sensation mongers. They have no hints or rumors, or half truths on which to build headlines.

There is a considerable sensation, however, in this simple announcement, for very few people thought that Roosevelt would do just what he has done. All sorts of surmises were flying about concerning the changes in the Cabinet, which were immediately to take place, and some audacious Washington correspondents had the temerity to state positively that nearly the whole Cabinet would suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange. They even went so far as to give the names of the resigning officers and of those who would fill their places. They must be disappointed to find that after all this cackling they have really nothing of importance to tell. It is hard when the advertisement is more exciting than the show. There is only one sensation in it instead of half a dozen, and that one is that a man who was thought by many people to be radical, almost revolutionary, turns out to be wisely conservative.

Those who know Roosevelt well, however, are not so much surprised as others. His action in this matter has steadied public sentiment, established confidence in him and in the administration, and had a good effect in every way. Nothing could have been gained by a change which has not been won twice over by this conservatism, and it has had all the stronger effect because unexpected. If Roosevelt had been a weak or commonplace man, one who followed the beaten path because it is easiest, his decision might have been considered merely the resultant of several co-existing party forces, and his stability would have only been a matter of the continued union of these forces. But he is not that kind of a man; his worst enemies never accused him of being easily influenced. He chose this course because his judgment and his instincts told him that it was best; and if the whole party had been against it he would have done the same thing. This being so, his steadiness and conservatism can be depended upon until circumstances plainly indicate that it is best to move, and then he will do so, just as he retained the Cabinet, on his own responsibility.

Some of the Senators of Roosevelt's party, and other prominent public men who have been interviewed, plainly show by their comments their thorough approval of the new Executive. Senator Frye of Maine said: "The business men of New England seem to be impressed with the fact that there will be no change of policy in spite of the fact that a new man is [illegible] Under the conditions there need be no halt in business enterprises."

Speaker Henderson said: "My observation is that the business men of the country have confidence in President Roosevelt, and are going on just the same as if President McKinley were alive."

Ex Senator Washburn said: "I have taken pains to sound business men toward the new administration, and on every hand I found them, great and small, confident that President Roosevelt has placed us upon solid ground."

Senator Depew says: "In forty-eight hours President Roosevelt has placed us upon solid ground."

Senator Spooner said: "No one could be more anxious to give to the country an administration which will promote rather than retard its progress than President Roosevelt."

As for Hanna, Platt and the other prominent Republican leaders, they do not disguise their satisfaction at this turn of affairs, and some of the Democratic leaders have also expressed unqualified approval, though they have not sowed it abroad to quite such an extent as those of the other party.

The alleged interview stating that Roosevelt would not be a candidate for President in 1904 has been branded as a fake. Mr. Roosevelt has admitted that he did say something, which might be considered to amount to that, and it was this: That while, in other circumstances, he might have thought of such a candidacy as possible, the tragic event which made him President had made it impossible for him to contemplate any active work in that direction. This would seem to be self evident.

Another yarn which has been broken off is the one to the effect that Secretary Hay and Mr. Roosevelt were at loggerheads on the subject of the Isthmian canal. It is true that at first Mr. Roosevelt did not approve of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a whole but he has modified his opinions somewhat, and after the treaty was defeated in the Senate it likewise underwent some changes. It is said by those on the inside that there is a likelihood, almost a certainty, that the treaty leading to the construction of the Isthmian canal will be ratified within a year.

One of the things in which President Roosevelt is certain to take active interest is the question of colonial administration. General Wood believes that by next June the Cubans will be ready to take care of themselves. It is comforting to remember that General Wood and President Roosevelt got their experience of Cuba side by side, are warm personal friends and understand each other thoroughly.

On the whole, however, the most notable thing in this week's news is the promptness with which 'yellow journalism' has been squelched. Roosevelt's way of stopping sensational stories reminds one somewhat of the old story of the man with one leg, who had an inquisitive fellow traveler, and finally agreed, in order to put a stop to the man's interminable questions, to tell how he lost the leg on condition that he should not be asked another question. "The fact is," he said, "it was bit off." A great many budding sensations have been "bit off" in the past few days, and the public is less uncertain in its mind."

The Work Before the Party

[illegible]

The Republican party turns away from the grave of the leader who had solved all its difficulties and won a double victory in the past six years with no ordinary task and no open and easy future before it.

President Roosevelt has commanded an instant confidence. His strongest admirers could have expected nothing better or wiser than he has done in the first week he has been President. He has quieted apprehension. He has stilled doubt. He has bridged the gap between the past and the future. He has convinced the labor, the industries, the managers and the greater interests of the country, political, manufacturing, financial, corporate, and industrial, that the great and sudden change, lamentable, startling and crushing as it is, has altered nothing. The policy of the past guides the future. The ship of state, with a new hand at the helm continues, with no swerving on its appointed course.

But the future is no mere repetition of the past and its problems. They were brought to their solution by William McKinley. New questions and new problems are before President Roosevelt. The years before him are not simply a reason for assuring the past and safeguarding its results. If the Republican party is to win in 1904 it will not be on what it accomplished under the great man who has gone, but on what it will have done under Theodore Roosevelt.

The new President has shown an instant apprehension of this by drawing his party together by the bier of his predecessor, who had united it. Like him, he knows no faction, he has no personal party policy to push, no personal rewards to distribute and no personal grudges to satisfy. The solemn moments in Washington, moments cleared by a common emotion, have shown the new President to the party and the country as a man thrust into a new position by a hand heavy as fate, and both anxiously and sincerely turning to all, in and out of his party, but most of all in it, for the strength and support needed at a great exigency.

This support will be unshrinkingly given. The last will and testament of William McKinley uttered on the day before his death, in his great speech at Buffalo, already a "farewell address," will be probated by the American people, with Theodore Roosevelt as executor. The great and necessary but delicate and difficult task of securing the reciprocity proposed at Buffalo, of gaining new markets without imperiling old ones, of accepting the assured position of many industries without periling those less advanced, will be the first successfully carried out.

Much remains. The new world position of the United States needs to be assured by an isthmian canal, Pacific cable, an adequate navy and a mercantile marine. The perplexing issues presented by trusts have to be solved. For them in his letter of acceptance the new President declared that "publicity as to capitalization, profits and all else of importance to the public is the most useful measure." The party could have no better issue on this subject. As Governor, Colonel Roosevelt said that trusts should be taxed. If the vast profits of trusts continue, Federal taxation may be wise to shift the burden of revenue where it can be best borne.

Our trade abroad, our consolidated industries at home, the needs of our foreign position and policy and the wants of the great West in irrigation and at other points must all be met in the period now opening, and met they will be on the safe, sure lines of the tried policy of the past.

THE Schley court martial case is now being tried.

East Smethport School.

The East Smethport school opened September 2. All pupils seemed anxious to begin work.

In the primary room the number of pupils is thirty-one. The little ones seem to reflect the quiet manner and cheerful disposition of their teacher and with her individual interest in so important a work as the training of the [illegible] we feel confident of a successful school term. Miss E. Mosher is teacher.

In the intermediate department the number of pupils thus far enrolled is twenty-three. The attention they give and the manner in which the lessons are learned show an interest in school work which is sure to prove a pleasant and prosperous year for the pupils and a creditable year for their teacher, Miss I. Oconnell.

The number of students enrolled in the grammar department is forty-one and the evident manner in which the young ladies and gentlemen of this department prepare their work is proof of the ability of their [illegible] teacher, Miss N. M. [illegible], who is also principal of the school.

A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in Medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1868, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cts. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Max Schooler
of Oswayo, Pa.,

Will open a store in this place in the BACKUS BUILDING. Opposite the Court House, with a $16,000 stock of clothing, dry goods, gent's and ladies furnishing goods, men's, ladies and children's shoes, rubber goods, hats and caps.

This store will be open in October.

EDINBORO
State Normal School
FREE TUITION.

[illegible]

Address, for catalogue,
John F. Bigler, Principal,
EDINBORO, PA.

Correspondence

[illegible]

Miss Maude Moses of Smethport spent Sunday with her parents at this place.

A number of people of this place attended the funeral [illegible] Sunday.

[illegible]

Cuts and Bruises Quickly Healed.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm applied to a cut, bruise, burn, scald or like injury will instantly allay the pain and will heal the parts in less time than any other treatment. Unless the injury is very severe it will not leave a scar. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. For sale by H. C. Wells, Druggist.

FALLING IN WITH
A GOOD PLUMBER

may result in a saving of hundreds of dollars in the course of a year. We lay claim to the title of

GOOD PLUMBERS

It has been honestly earned and was bestowed by our hundreds of pleased customers.

Would like to show you the difference between good and bad work and high and low prices. All jobs receive prompt attention of competent workmen.

Palmer & Strong,
UNION 'PHONE [illegible] REILLY BLOCK Smethport.

For Stylish
Millinery

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Our Line of
Trimmed Hats
Contains Many
Beautiful
Creations, that
Will be Sold
at and
Below Cost.

Notice in Divorce.

[illegible]

[illegible] CLARKE, Sheriff.

St. Joseph's Academy.
TITUSVILLE, PA.
For Young Ladies, Little Girls and Boys
[illegible] THE SISTERS OF MERCY
[illegible]
KINDERGARTEN
[illegible]
The Mother Superior.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c.
Druggists.
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell
"something just as good."

Advertisement

[illegible]

THE [illegible] COMPANY.

They Work While You Sleep.

[illegible] Never sold in bulk. [illegible]

SHERIFF'S SALES.

[illegible]

[illegible] and being the same land conveyed to said Mary [illegible] Morrison by the Genesee National [illegible] Association by deed dated [illegible] Improved and having thereon [illegible] cottage.

[illegible] taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary [illegible] Morrison and W[illegible] Morrison her husband at the suit of [illegible].

[illegible] Attorney.

[illegible] CLARKE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 18, 1901.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been filed in the office of the Register [illegible] will be presented for confirmation at [illegible] Court [illegible] at Smethport in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1901.

First and final account of James Biggins [illegible] McDonald, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Patrick McDonald, deceased.

First and final account of Lydia Haskett, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of [illegible] Haskett, deceased.

First and final account of John E. McCl[illegible], Administrator of the estate of Lucy [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] Administrator of the estate of Harriet [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of Caroline [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of S. H. Hagadorn, Administrator of the estate of James E. [illegible], deceased.

[illegible]

First and final account of [illegible] Mary Sullivan, Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Sullivan, deceased.

First and final account of E. W. Wingert, Administrator of the estate of [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of James N. Daly, [illegible] of Mary [illegible] Daly, [illegible] James N. Daly, Jr., deceased.

First and final account of Eugene McE[illegible] Knox McElwaine, minor [illegible] McElwaine, deceased.

First account of David Howe[illegible], Guardian of [illegible] Peterson, minor child of Charles [illegible] deceased.

First account of David Howe[illegible], Guardian of Ida Peterson, minor child of Charles Peterson, deceased.

[illegible]

Gordon W. Mitchell, Register.
[illegible], Deputy.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. [illegible], 1901.

Columbia
BICYCLES

The Bright Side of Life is Always Visible from the Wheel."

[illegible] Columbia Bevel Gear Chainless. [illegible] New Models, $75.
Columbia Chain Wheels [illegible] New Models,
Hartford [illegible] New Models, $35. Vedettes
[illegible]

M. L. Armstrong, Agent, SMETHPORT, PA.

Bicycle Repairing.

Having recently purchased of E. R. Vincent his stock and [illegible] I am now prepared to do all kinds of

Bicycle and Light Repairing

I carry a full line of Bicycle Sundries and material for doing this branch of work. Give me a call when you want anything of this kind.

Sidney H. Brougham,
Cor. Water & Franklin Sts. SMETHPORT, PA.

[illegible] YOURSELVES [illegible] WHAT YOU WANT [illegible] PHYSICIANS FAIL [illegible] TREATMENT $1.00 [illegible] Hornellsville, N. Y.

PASADENA
KIDNEY CURE. It Nourishes, Fortifies and Restores the Whole System.
COUGH BALSAM. Cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Etc.
LINIMENT. The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.
PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Bell 'Phone 136. Union 'Phone 317.

Delicious and
Strengthening
You Will Find
Dotterweich's
Pure Beer,

Made from Pure Malt and Hops
Physicians Recommend It.

Write or Telephone for a case
for family use.

DOTTERWEICH BREWING CO.,
OLEAN, NEW YORK.
Thomas S. Whitton, President.
On Sale at Wright House, Commercial House,

New Fall Goods Just Received
At Store of
D. C. Young

Many Dress Goods at Prices
Much Lower than Formerly.

A new feature this week is a bargain counter upon which will be found many goods at cost or even less. Call and examine for yourself.

A new lot of celebrated Waldorf Waists, made of French flannel, mercerized fabrics, &c., from $1.00 up. Every Waist guaranteed to fit.

Fine assortment of Groceries. Try our Java and Mocha blended coffee at 35c lb.; best in town.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Sept. 23, 1901.

Some Dark Night

it will occur to you that there are a good many good tailors who are getting good stiff prices for good tailoring. And then you may recall the fact that the same kind of good tailoring can be had at just about 33⅓% less, and you will turn to us for proof.

We sell Royal Tailoring—made by The Royal Tailors of Chicago—made-to-your measure—from goods you may select—quality, style, fit, and workmanship the best—no sweat-shop labor—satisfaction or your money back—fair enough, isn't it?

A man who buys tailoring ought to see to it that it is good tailoring. Have it good even if you have to pay a high price for it, but if you can have it good without the high price by all means do so. In other words

PAY LESS AND DRESS BETTER

We have the exclusive local sale of Royal Tailoring, and the line is so extensive, and offers so wide a range of choice that we expect to sell to every man who will look it over. We may not, but that's what we expect to do.

Send postal for samples to

JOHN P. SIGG,
AGENT. NEWERF, PA.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

Limited number Cigars
Five-cent Brand
Go at $1.00 box of 50.

FURNITURE
You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS
An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Special Announcements This Week.

Advanced Autumn Styles in Tailor-Made Suits Several Grades $11 to $25.

Walking Skirts, Cloaks, Furs.

A Condensed List of School Children's Needfuls.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOES.

Misses' and Children's Shoes—A lot of high grade shoes in lines that are to be discontinued; not all sizes, but unusual values for children who can be fitted. Regularly $1.25 to $2.50; now $1.00 a pair.

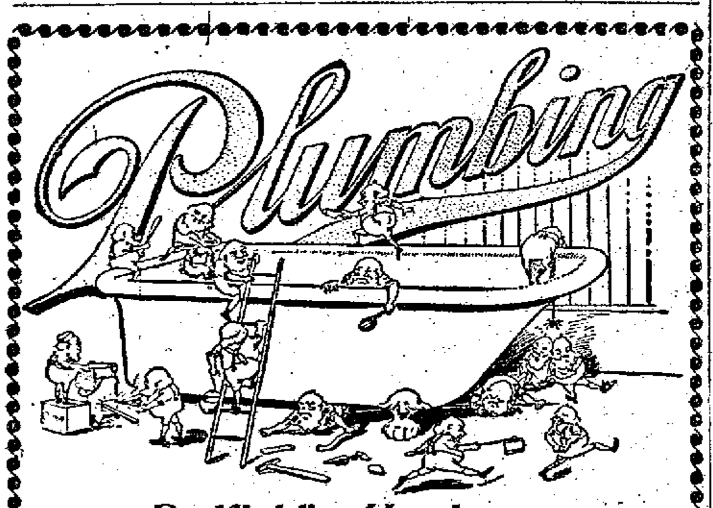
Little Boys' Shoes—Well made from the leathers, including Patent leather, in up-to-date styles and of the sturdy kinds as well as the more dressy sorts Sizes, 9 to 13½—$1.50 to $2 00

Boys' and Youths' Shoes—Of Box Calf, suitable for autumn wear. Boys sizes 2½ to 5½; youths' sizes 13 to 2—from $2 00 to $3.00 a pr.

SCHOOL UMBRELLAS.

Children's Umbrellas — Of cotton gloria cloth, metal rods and natural wood handles at $.40

Children's Umbrellas—Of silk gloria cloth, metal rods, paragon frames, natural wood and fancy handles, at $1.00.



Redfield's Hardware,
Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

MILLINERY NPENING

Chursday & Friday, Oct. 3-4

You are invited to call and see our large and complete stock of trimmed hats, ready to wear hats, children's bonnets and caps, and all the latest materials for hats.

Also, have just received the the new fall shirt waists and walking skirts.

MRS, A. E. HINMAN,
Smethport, Pa.

ON AND AFTER SEPT. 27th

THE BIG STORE

will be where it has been for the last 25 years, and will sell hardware, crockery, lumber and building material as cheap as anyone. We do not advertise our prices by monthly circulars nor newspapers, but will guarantee to meet or cut the prices of those who do.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The new house of J. W. Waite is nearly completed.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman advertises fall millinery this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hazelton, Centre street, a son.

—Mrs. W. H. Grumbine is quite ill at her home on Mechanic street.

—See what J. C. Hamlin has to say about the Big Store this week.

—Encourage the football players and let us have some sport here this fall.

—Read D. C. Young's advertisement in another column. It will interest you.

—The first race between the Shamrock II and the Columbia will be pulled off to-day.

—George Hackett has the cellar completed for a new house on the corner of Bank and Nelson streets.

—Smokers of cigars will find it to their advantage to read change in advertisement of J. W. Voorhees.

—Dr. Ostrander has had a monument placed in Rose Hill cemetery over the graves of his father and mother.

—Remember that the MINER's facilities for doing all kinds of job work is unexcelled in this section of the country.

—Alice Seaward, who has been sick with diphtheria, has completely recovered and there are no new cases in town.

—Improvements are being made on the store room of the Backus block. A new store will locate there next month.

—The ladies of the M. E. church are preparing for a "handkerchief bazaar," which will occur Oct. 17. Keep the date in mind.

—Two senior classes doing different lines of work at the Clarion State Normal school this year are the outcome of the adoption of a new course of study.

—Frank Erne and Rube Ferns both of Buffalo fought last Monday night before the International Athletic Club. Erne was knocked out in the ninth round.

—The annual banquet of the McKean and Cattaraugus county underwriters was held at the Bon Air Hotel, Rock City, Tuesday evening and was attended by about 60 members.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. are showing an "oriental den" in one of their display windows this week. It is a work of art and a credit to the window dresser.

—The football team has secured the Sartwell lot, across the Marvin street bridge, for a gridiron this year. All candidates for the team are requested to meet there every afternoon at 4 p. m., if possible.

—Mrs. Kate Lunden Sunderlin, the noted Swedish lecturer, will speak in the Swedish Lutheran church on Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2:30 p. m. The lecture will be in English and all are invited to be present.

—The remodeled M. E. church will be opened on Sunday next. Several ministers attending the Genesee conference at Coudersport have been invited to assist in special services morning and evening and special music will be rendered.

—The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Baptist church have arranged for a grand evening entertainment Tuesday, October 8th. Mr. L. Hawes Long, a brother-in-law of Supt. Ryan of the poor farm, an eminent reciter and impersonator, will give one of his evenings of rare enjoyment. Tickets 25 cents.

—Hiram Redeye, a Seneca Indian, murdered his wife at Cold Spring, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., Friday night by cutting her throat with a dirk and then killed himself by throwing himself under a freight train on the Erie railroad. Redeye was a man 51 years of age and his wife was but 33.

—T. H. Purtle now holds the record of the athletic club's bowling alleys. On Thursday evening he counted 247 pins, beating the previous record, held by F. H. Freeman, by 4 pins. The game in which this score was made is also worth noting as the total score broke the alley record for a four-handed game, being as follows: Purtle, 247; Bell, 151; Barton, 175; Knapp, 202. Total, 775. Average, 193¾.

—The Bradford Era of Tuesday says: The Era was informed yesterday that there are anarchists in Bradford. It was asserted that at a certain place of meeting a band of "reds" assembled after the assassination of King Humbert of Italy and held a jollification. The Era was further informed that a similar meeting was held to celebrate the murder of President McKinley. It is deemed advisable to withhold other details pending an investigation.

—Mr. John Carlon and Miss Edith Swetman were united in marriage at Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Hamilton officiating. The newly wedded pair arrived in Smethport Wednesday and are housekeeping in the Baker house on Green street. Congratulations are extended.

—The services at St. Luke's church on Sunday next will be as follows: Festival of St. Michael and All Angels, Holy Communion at 8 a. m. Morning prayer with sermon by Rev. H. W. Little, rector of St. Barnabas' church, De Land, Fla., at 10:30 a. m. Evening prayer with address at 7:30 p. m. At All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, evening prayer with address at 2.30 p. m.

—Special services at the Baptist church next Sunday. At 10:30 a. m. the Sunday school will hold a "rally" at which, besides a splendid program, Miss LaVerne Minnis, a missionary, who was driven from China by the Boxers, will deliver an address and in the evening at 7:30 she will tell of her work and experiences, being dressed in the native costume worn by her in her work. All are invited.

—A meeting was called on Monday afternoon in the M. E. chapel by Miss Utley and an advisory board representing the Children's Home Society of Pennsylvania was formed as follows: Mrs. John Forrest, president; Mrs. Henry Hamlin, vice president; Mrs. Helen S. Morrison, secretary; Mrs. B. F. Wright, treasurer. The executive committee is composed of Mrs. T. F. Richmond, Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Mrs. A. M. Boardman, Mrs. James McKean and Mrs. John Clark. Legal advisor, F. D Gallup; medical examiner, Dr. John Clark.

—The fool killer rushed through Jacob's Creek, Pa., Monday. It was a locomotive. William Fuller was at the depot, where a crowd of people had assembled, when an express train approached. Fuller started to cross in front of the fast train. Friends warned him of his danger, but he replied: "I'm not afraid of her; let her come. Watch what a close shave she can make." The train dashed past and the body of Fuller was tumbled along in its wake. Fuller died next morning Bradford Era. This is not our Willie, the baseball pitcher.

—There promises to be a general resumption of work among window glass manufacturers, outside of the two trusts within the next few days, says an Indianapolis press dispatch. Many factories have already started, and it is claimed that by the end of this week 15 per cent of the factories that are to operate this season will be running. The National Jobbers' Association has made another futile effort to get the manufacturers outside the trusts to wait until October 15 to start, and a boycott of the glass manufactured by the firms now operating is threatened.

—The Zolassau club is the name given the new men's club organized at the Baptist church last week. The object of the club is "to cultivate that which is best in us" and they have gone to the Congo language to find a name that will express or indicate the object of the club, the name meaning "reciprocal love," or "loving each other." Lectures and a reading room will help cultivate the intellectual and social side while an occasional spread will assist the heart in its functions, as it is said that through the stomach is a near road to a man's heart. T. J. Gilbert, president, Sidney Owen, secretary, or any of the members of the club will give further explanation. All men are invited to join.

—A young man recently wrote to the editor of The Ladies' Home Journal asking: "What have you to say, squarely and fairly, to a young man of twenty-nine who is about to marry?" In the October Journal Mr. Bok uses a page for his answer. Its salient points are these: that a man should make the woman of his choice his chum, as well as his wife; that he should show her the highest consideration as well as love her; that he should remember that he owes his wife to her mother, and treat his mother-in-law with respect, at least; that he should keep his wife informed as to his income; that he should give her a regular allowance and that he should have his life insured in her favor. And above all, that when a young man marries he must remember that he leaves a world of self and enters into a world of another and self.

—Several football enthusiasts got together Monday afternoon and had a short practice. Claud Shattuck of Olean was with the boys and gave them a few pointers. In the evening a meeting was held and O. J. Hamlin was elected captain and Guy McCoy manager. Arrangements have been made to have Mr. Shattuck coach the team and hereafter he will give two days each week to instructing the team. Most of the old players have signified their intention to get into the game again this year and the prospects for a good team are better than ever before. The high school will have a team in the field this year. This will give an opportunity for both teams to get practice in offensive and defensive work, an opportunity which has never before been afforded. If the people in town will take an interest and help the team some good games will be played here this season.

A Railroad War.

Tuesday was a lively day in railroad circles in Smethport. About daylight the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. Co. started to put in switches from their road on Water street to the Haines Flint Bottle works and the Camp Window factory.

Under the direction of A. G. McComb a large force of men and a number of teams went to work laying ties and rails from the Haines works across Nelson street to the Camp factory. Between the Camp factory and Nelson street there is a strip of land belonging to what is known as the Smethport Railroad company, in which E. K. Kane, president of the Kushequa R'y, is a heavy stockholder. When it was learned that the Shawmut construction was on this land the full force of the Kushequa construction gang was hastily summoned to repel the invaders. The Kushequas, about 50 in number, marched down Water street in double-quick time to where the Shawmuts were at work. The latter were leveling a small mountain of rubbish at the southeast end of the Camp factory when the Kushequa forces were ordered to charge. With drawn picks and shovels they dashed up the "mountain" side and attacked the Shawmuts, driving them back in confusion. However, Mr. McComb's men rallied and the atmosphere in that section became so full of stones, bricks, sticks, picks and dago language that an accurate description of the engagement cannot be recorded. At this time several of our city dads appeared on the scene and hostilities were suspended. There were no fatalities, but several tawny sons of Italy are nursing sore heads.

No arrests were made and the question of the rights of the two railroad companies will be settled in court. Nothing more will be done by either company until Saturday, when the case will come up for hearing.

Fill up those unsightly cracks in your floor with Grippin's Crevice Filler, only at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Memorial Services.

Thursday was a day of mourning in Smethport as well as in every town and hamlet throughout the United States, and the thought paramount in everyone's mind was of the funeral of our beloved President at Canton, Ohio, and out of respect for him all business places, offices, etc., were closed from 12 o'clock, noon, until 6 in the evening.

Shortly before 2 o'clock p. m the church bells began to toll and our citizens were wending their way to the court house where memorial services were to be held, and before the appointed hour every seat in the court room was filled and many were compelled to stand throughout the service.

Burgess F. W. Brownell called the meeting to order with a few remarks relative to the object of the service, after which a choir, composed of persons from the various churches, sang the 90th Psalm. Then Rev G. H. Patterson of the Methodist church offered a fervent and beautiful prayer.

"William McKinley as a Civilian" was the subject upon which E. L. Keenan, Esq., spoke. The address was well prepared and was delivered in a masterly style. Mr Keenan said that unlike most of our illustrious men but little is known of the early life of Wm. McKinley. He followed the President's career from his early boyhood days. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the love and tenderness he showed to Mrs McKinley, who for many years has been an invalid and has needed the love and sympathy of him, who uncomplainingly bore it all.

The next on the program was singing by the choir after which E. R. Mayo, Esq., took up "McKinley as a Soldier." Mr. Mayo began his address with an earnest plea to the boys of his audience to offer their services to their country without any hesitancy whenever they were needed and then gave as an example of this love of country William McKinley, who when a mere boy at the age of 18 years gave up all that was dear to him and enlisted in the 23rd Ohio Regt., serving through the entire war and by his bravery and meritorious service rising from private to sergeant, to lieutenant, to captain and at the close of the war at the age of 22 years he was a brevet major. Among the many examples of his bravery mentioned by Mr. Mayo was one when the regiment to which Mr McKinley belonged had been in battle all day and were nearly famished with hunger. Mr. McKinley, then commissary sergeant, with the aid of his assistants went out on the firing line with coffee and provisions for the soldiers.

After the choir had rendered Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which was the President's favorite, Sheridan Gorton dwelt at some length upon the subject, "McKinley as a Statesman." He began with the time when Mr McKinley began the study of law and after ten years of successful practice was elected to a seat in Congress at the age of thirty-three. Mr Gorton in part said:

"That he was a man of vigor, energy, eloquence and ability is shown by the fact that from 1876 to 1890 he was successfully returned to the legislative halls of the nation, even had he not placed upon the pages of his country's history during that time the imperishable records of his genius. Like the lamented Lincoln he lost sight of present power that he might more clearly and more surely work for the welfare of his beloved people. Time will not permit and many of the stirring incidents of his illustrious statesmanship are too recent matters of history for us to dwell upon many of the great events which characterized his career in congress, as the governor of his native state, as the silver toned orator upon whose words the assembled multitudes of the great campaign of 1892 held with almost breathless interest, and as chief executive of this vast republic.

"We know that he entered congress as an ardent protectionist and that it is said that his first act in the house was the presentation of a petition from some of the workingmen of his district against the change of the tariff. We know how unswervingly he adhered to this doctrine and studied the question until his masterly mind gave to us that heritage of protection known as the 'McKinley bill.' As a commander of trained diplomats he was the superior of all in diplomacy. Our recognization by the mighty powers of the eastern hemisphere, our commercial supremacy and our present prosperity are due in a great measure to the far reaching intelligence of this leader of men. At every crisis of our national existence there has always been found a man fitted for the occasion and there has been none better fitted than William McKinley. We can with justice place him side by side with and as the equal in patriotism, devotion, love of country and all that goes to make up the man and statesman with Washington and Lincoln. We honor him as one of America's greatest sons."

The choir then sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which Rev. Father Cosgrove made a few fitting remarks eulogizing our dead President in the highest manner. The audience then sang "America," and after the benediction was pronounced by Rev. G. H. Patterson the last sad tribute to our honored and beloved President was at an end.

An Audacious Robbery.

The store of T. B. Brown, at No. 93 Main street was robbed early yesterday morning. The thieves were audacious and skillful. With a diamond instrument they marked a circle 20 inches in diameter on one of the plate glass windows and then, with a forceful blow, shattered the glass within the circular space. With a hook they fished out one electric seal coat; one plain seal coat; one seal coat trimmed with beaver; two plain black fur neck pieces and one Russian sable boa. The missing articles are valued at about $250. An additional sealskin coat, valued at $250, was also secured by the thieves but this they dropped while making their escape toward Boylston street. They were seen at their work by a railroad man who passed on his bicycle at 3:50. He heard a crash of glass, but thought it was caused by a falling bottle. He never suspected the truth.

About 5 o'clock William Lawton of State Line was approached by three men carrying satchels, and asked about the time a car for the O., R., C. & B. would be going to Olean. No other clue has been obtained by the police.

Chief of Police Murray has sent out circulars to nearby towns and cities, offering a reward of $25 for the return of the stolen goods.—Bradford Era, Friday.

Sunday Excursion to Bradford and Rock City.

Every Sunday during August and September, the B., B & K. Ry. will sell tickets from Smethport to Bradford and return at 75 cents, and to Rock City and return 50 cents each. Train leaves Smethport at 8.30 a. m. Returning, train arrives at Smethport at 6:30 p. m.

WANTED—At once. Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; will pay good price. Address M. R. Dutton, Redfield Printery, Smethport, Pa.

A snap—Three hole full nickel hot plates only $2.00 at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Dynamite, fuse and caps at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. J. C. Hamlin has returned from a visit to Buffalo.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford had business in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver returned from a visit to Buffalo.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin are spending the week in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick left Tuesday for a visit to the Pan-Am. city.

Mrs F. C. Pierce and Miss Bertha Blodgett are visiting in Bradford to-day.

Attorney Edwin E. Tait of Bradford was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Wm. Cook and Wm. Titus of Port Allegany were Smethport visitors Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Camp left Tuesday for Buffalo where she entered St. Margaret's school.

Misses Lucile and Stella Hinman, who are teaching at Roulette, spent Sunday at home.

Ross Knapp, who has been working in Coudersport for some time, returned home Monday.

A. J. Warshofsky and wife returned home last night from a two weeks' trip to the Pan-Am.

Dr. Lou B. Van Fossen of Kansas City, Mo., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Earl Bateman, who has been visiting his home on Chautauqua lake, has returned to this place.

Mrs. J. C. Cunningham and Miss Anna Garrity of Johnsonburg are visiting their sister, Mrs. John McCarty.

Jackson Joslyn, an employe in the Pennsylvania railroad office at Clermont had business in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. George J Walter of Chatsworth, Ill., are visiting the latter's brother, Henry Hallman, and family.

A. W. Boyd of Bradford, the popular candidate for county treasurer, was in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

C. A. Riggall of Sistersville, W. Va., brother of F. F. Riggall, is in town. He has accepted a position as bookkeeper at the Smethport glass factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ W. Carter of Sergeants Bluff, Iowa, who have been visiting the family of C. W. Dickenson, returned home the first of the week.

Stephen Pattison of Kasson, accompanied by his brother, Fayette Pattison, of Rhinelander, Wis., were pleasant callers at this office on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fulmer and the latter's daughter, Miss Blanche Davis, of Sistersville, W. Va., are guests of their mother, Mrs. S. J. Shea, of this place and Mrs. L. R. Fulmer of Port Allegany. While enroute here they visited the Pan American exposition.

Death's Doings.

WILLIAM HENRY CURTIS.

William Henry Curtis died at his home near Smethport, Sept. 19th, aged 59 years. He had been for several years a great sufferer from heart disease and pleuro-pneumonia resulted.

The deceased was born in Keating township, McKean county, Pa. He was descended from the New England families of Curtis and Graves who fought under Washington in the revolution, and again in 1812. He served in the war of the rebellion, enlisting in 1861 in Co. H 58th Regt. Pa. Vol. Infantry, and served continuously with his regiment until discharged for disability from the front in Eastern Virginia. He was a member of the G. A. R. since 1868, joining the order at Marion, Iowa, where he then lived.

June 3rd 1869, he was married to Mary Elizabeth Berry in Bertram, Linn county, Iowa. They then came to McKean county, where they have since resided. Five children were born to them, four of whom, Leon, Lucy, Emma and Roy, with the widow and an aged mother survive. One son, Edward Gordon, died in infancy.

He taught school when 16 years of age in this state, afterwards in Iowa and other states, and was for some time engaged in the insurance business in Iowa and Nebraska. He has filled several public positions he was elected county superintendent of schools in 1872 and served three times in succession. He was county auditor several times. He was census enumerator in 1890 and again in 1900. He had traveled extensively through the southern and western states.

The funeral was held at the family residence Sunday at two o'clock. The remains were interred in Fairview cemetery. The funeral was attended by a large number of relatives and friends. Rev. Patterson officiated. The G. A. R. held their services at the grave. A great profusion of flowers sent by comrades and friends covered the casket.

MRS. JOHN B. TAYLOR.

Elizabeth (Holcomb) Taylor died at her home on Main street Sunday night or Monday morning last, aged 81 years, 2 months and 28 days. Mrs. Taylor went to bed Sunday evening feeling as well as usual, but when her daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. H. Taylor, with whom she lived, went to call her she found Mrs. Taylor dead. The deceased had been troubled with asthma and heart disease for some time, one of which was the cause of her death.

Miss Elizabeth Holcomb was born in Granby, Conn., in 1820, and moved to this place with her parents where she met and married John B. Taylor. They always lived in Smethport in the old homestead where both died, Mr. Taylor preceding her about 15 years. They were the parents of twelve children, five of whom are living, namely: James V. of Charty, Ill., John L. of Masonville, Iowa, Mrs. Elsena Cummings of Normal Ill., Mrs. Mary Fike of Wisconsin and Ezra Taylor of Dawson City, Alaska.

Mrs. Taylor was a kind hearted Christian woman, who was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends and relatives. She has been a member of the Baptist church for a great many years and has done much for the church and its members. Her loss will be felt by all the older inhabitants of this section as well as by a large number of the younger ones.

The funeral services are being held at the Baptist church this afternoon, Rev. George W. Halliwell of Kane officiating. The remains will be laid at rest in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery.

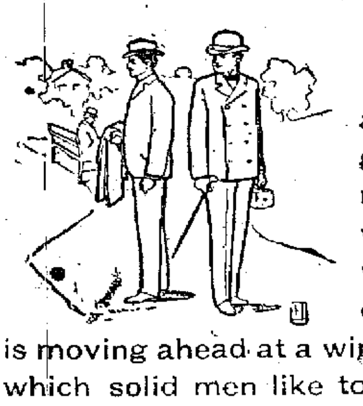
MRS. RUFUS T. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. R. T. Reynolds died at her home in East Smethport on Monday last, aged about [illegible] years.

Mrs. Reynolds with her husband and children moved to this place from Ormsby about three years ago and by her kind and pleasant manner won a great many friends among her neighbors and those who became acquainted with her.

She was the mother of nine children, four of whom survive her together with a loving husband, all of whom have the heartfelt sympathy of the community.

The funeral services were held at the house Wednesday afternoon and the remains were laid at rest in the cemetery near Farmers Valley.



UP-TO-DATE

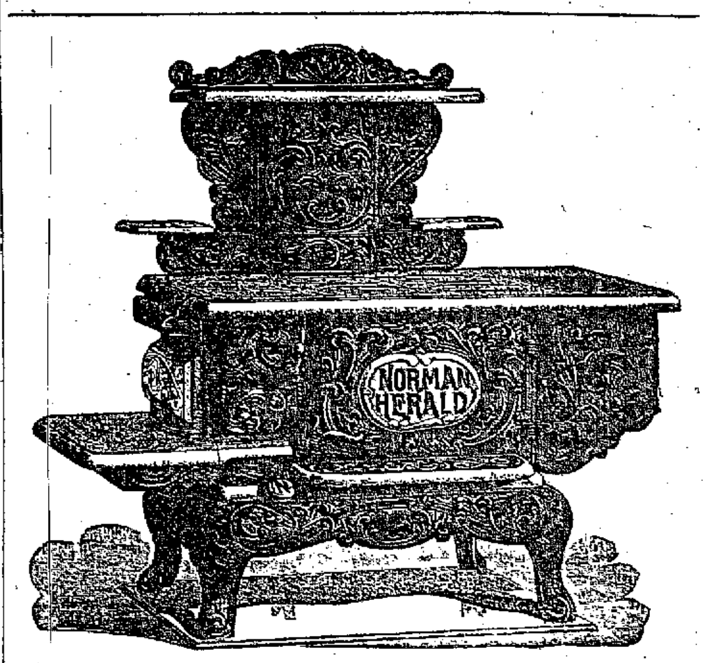
attire, like that of the gentleman in the cut, makes a man look solid with himself and the world. Such a man is on the right train and is moving ahead at a winning speed. Clothing which solid men like to wear will be found in our array of

FALL SUITS.

A man passes for what he looks, just as a dollar passes for a hundred cents. To give yourself a hundred cent up-to- par appearance just put yourself inside one of our FALL SUITS.

H. W. RUBIN & Co.,

THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.



If you contemplate buying a stove, be it wood, coal or gas, for heating or cooking, we have it and less than the lowest city prices, too. Let us convince you.

Do not forget our stock of lumber, windows, doors and sash. If you are building, we name it all for you.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

"THE FAMOUS,"

CLOTHING STORE,
Central Block, Smethport, Pa.

HOW FAR WILL $9.50 GO?

Come to us and we'll sell you an Outfit for $9.50 that we guarantee to be worth $12.05.

Your choice of any one $7 50 Suit
" " " " " 2 00 Hat.
" " " " " 1.00 Shirt.
" " " " " .75 Underwear
" " " " " .50 Tie.
" " " " " .15 Collar.
" " " " " pair .15 Sox.

Actually worth $12.05; for a few days only at $9.50 at

THE FAMOUS.

WE NEED ROOM.

And for the next few weeks will be fussing with the masons and carpenters and to get as much of our stock as possible out of the dirt, we will, commencing

Monday, July 29th,

for two weeks make it an object for you to buy

Furniture, Carpets, Mantels

See SLOAN first,

Last and All the Time.

16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

SPECIAL!

We commence a special sale to-day of all our Spring and Summer

Suits and Pantaloons.

You know what this means when we advertise a sale of this kind. It is an immense saving to all those who are going to buy Clothing.

Suits that were $10 now go for $7.00
Suits that were 12 now go for $ 8 50
Suits that were 15 now go for 10.00
Suits that were 18 now go for 12.50
Suits that were $20 now go for $14.

These excellent bargains will prevail throughout our Pantaloon Department, also Boys' and Children's. We will give you the same careful attention at this big money saving sale as if you paid the regular prices. All goods sold that are advertised will be spot cash. We positively will not charge during this sale.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.
The Big Double Clothing Store.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

FRY & HERZOG

LACE CURTAINS

We have collected some exceptionally worthy window hangings and place them before you at the same saving by which they came to our hands.

You will be liberally rewarded by attending to your curtain needs now.

Ruffled Curtains

Dotted Mull 40in x 3yds, per pair, $1.00
Dotted Mull 40in x 3yds, per pair, $1.25
Tucked Mull 40in x 2½yds, per pair, $1 85
Boddinnet 36in x 2½yds, per pair, $1.40
Bobbinnet 36in x 2½yds, per pair, $3 50

Nottingham Curtains

40in x 3yds, per pair, $ .85
54in x 3½yds, " " $1.40
60in x 3½yds, " " $2.50

Our complete line ranges in price from 85c to $9.50 per pair.

DRESSING SACQUES

Two very attractive styles in eiderdown arrived this week.

They are in get up decidedly this fall's and are altogether very dainty and serviceable garments.

No. 1.

Plain colors, blue, pink, red, gray, ribbon ties, PRICE, $1.25

No. 2.

Beautiful color combinations in stripes: Pink, white and green; Red, white and black; Tan, gray and cream; Red, black and gray, etc., edged with silk and chenille cord. Frog and ribbon fastenings. PRICE, $1.75

Half Price Sale Summer Shirt Waists

We have a few left. It's our determination to dispose of every garment, hence a big saving to you.

The prices are cut in halves.

FRY & HERZOG.

A WOMAN WITH AN

to her best interest will not only inspect but buy of us the GROCERIES she needs.

We have the largest and best selected stock and always sell at the lowest prices. The following are some of the things you need and of which we have a fresh supply:

Bananas, Oranges, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Canteloupes, Watermelons, Lemons, Limes, Peas, Beans and all kinds of Vegetables.

We have the finest line of canned and bottled goods in the town.

The purity of our goods we warrant, the prices are as low as they can be made, consistent with good and pure goods,

Shepard & Gallup.

Goods Delivered.

Gallup Block Smethport, Pa

HAVE A LOOK!

We have received our full line of FALL & WINTER WOOLLENS in all shades and figures of the latest patterns . . . .

Come and "have a look" at the earliest date.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors,

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

Our stock of combs directly from a comb factory, and have all the latest styles of BACK, SIDE and Circle Combs. Also a new line of Toilet Combs that are worth your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Horses and Cattle.

Give your horses and cattle a rest by using Sure Fly Remedy. Price 75c gallon. Prepared by

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.

Opposite Court House.

Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL NEWS.

—A charter was granted on Monday to the South Bradford Water Co., capital $10,000.

—A partridge flew against a plate glass window of a Coudersport business place Sunday morning causing damage estimated at $125.

—A herd of 60 Angora goats were shipped last week from Wellsboro to Buffalo, where they will be exhibited at the Pan-American for two weeks by the National Angora Goat and Cattle company.

—The two men who were injured by a fall from an elevator, mention of which was made in last week's issue, are recovering rapidly from the effects of the accident and will soon be able to resume work.

—William Dodge, the baseball pitcher, who played in Smethport during the season of 1896, has fallen heir to a fortune of $100,000. "Bill's" many friends in this place will rejoice to learn of his good fortune.

—The outlook for a football team here this fall is very encouraging. The boys are doing considerable practicing and they have engaged an experienced person as coach. Keep your eye on the Smethport football team.

—Rev. Heggbloom preached his farewell sermon last night at the Swedish church on Bank street, where he has officiated as pastor during the past summer. Rev. Nygren, who has been at Smethport for several months, will resume the pastorate at the Bradford church on Sunday, Sept. 22.—Monday's Era.

—D. H. Seymour, organist of the Church of the Ascension, Bradford, gave a recital on the new pipe organ at the Methodist church last Thursday evening, assisted by Miss Agnes McCoy of this place as soprano. There was a large audience present and all were highly pleased with the entertainment.

—The Schwarzenbach Brewing company will build a large brewery at Galeton. About five acres of land have been purchased near the Bridge Street station. The buildings are to be of brick, three stories in height and equipped with the very latest machinery and utensils for manufacturing beer and other beverages.

—An Olean special dated Monday says, This afternoon 5-year-old Reva Battles was playing around a bonfire near the home of her widowed mother, Mrs. Lizzie Battles, of this city. The child's clothing caught fire and in a moment the little one was enveloped in flames. Mrs. Battles heard her daughter's screams and tried to save her, but failed. The child was so badly burned that death resulted after four hours of anguish. Mrs. Battles' hands were badly burned while trying to save her child.

—A report comes from Cross Fork, says the Galeton Dispatch, that a horse belonging to Martin Gorman engaged in delivering express took fright at a locomotive switching near the depot and ran away. When the owner realized the fact he secured a team and started in pursuit, but his team played out at Oleona and a dispatch sent to Carters Camp stated the horse passed there an hour before. The horse fortunately was stopped about two miles below Germania having ran a distance of about twenty miles. The wagon was loaded with express and wonderful to relate none of the packages were lost.

The Prize Remains in Potter.

Potter county has long since carried the belt on snake stories, says the Austin Autograph, and we are certain the prize will remain with us another season on the strength of the following, which is given out by a member of the caboose committee, whose headquarters are at Galeton:

"One day last week 'Skip' Northam, who has charge of the log trains, had been attending his duties up a certain run and on his way home, in passing through a grove, heard a strange noise. After investigating he found it to come from a large monster diamond rattlesnake. It was pinioned to a log by a large limb broken from a tree. He set the snake free and went on his journey homeward, unconscious that the snake was following. He sat down to supper and in picking up a spoon he had carelessly dropped on the floor, again saw the snake. He fed it and they became fast friends. The snake would eat from his hand, wrap around his neck and hug him and sleep coiled upon the foot of the bed. This continued for a week or more. But last night Mr. Northam was restless and couldn't sleep. He called the snake and it did not respond as usual, so he arose, lighted a lamp and began a search for his pet. He found the snake in the parlor wrapped around the neck of a burglar, with its tail out of the window rattling for the police."

Pennsylvania Railroad Special Rates to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

During the continuance of the Pan American Exposition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Smethport to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the following rates:

	Buffalo	Niagara Falls.
5 day limit, sold Tuesdays and Saturdays not good in parlor or sleeping cars	$3.00	$3.50
15 day limit, good in parlor or sleeping cars	3.80	4.30
Season, final limit November 30, 1901	4.35	5.15

Additional information may be had upon application to ticket agents.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Thirty Years' Suffering.

"I suffered for thirty years with diarrhoea and thought I was past being cured," says John S. Halloway of French Camp, Miss. "I had spent so much time and money and suffered so much that I had given up all hopes of recovery. I was so feeble from the effects of the diarrhoea that I could do no kind of labor, could not even travel, but by accident I was permitted to find a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after taking several bottles I am entirely cured of that trouble. I am so pleased with the result that I am anxious that it be in the reach of all who suffer as I have." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

The McKean County Miner at Atlantic City.

For the convenience of our readers who may visit Atlantic City this summer we have arranged to have the latest files of the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER always on file at the Philadelphia Inquirer's Seashore Bureau on Young's Pier at that popular resort. The Inquirer has, at great expense, fitted up commodious reading and writing rooms on Young's Pier where every attention will be shown its guests.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Great Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a great favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Sunday Rates and Special Train via B., B. & K. Ry.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., B. & K. Ry. will run a special train for Kane and Kinzua Bridge and intermediate stations, leaving Smethport at 11 a. m. Returning, arrive at Smethport at 6:30 p. m. Fare to Kinzua Bridge 40c, Mt. Jewett 45c, Kane 95c.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Ah, hear the moaning over there,
The sudden, bitter cry of pain!
The smell of drugs is in the air,
Death's shadow on the wall is plain,
And by the window, stooping down,
A nurse with fluffy locks and brown
Looks in the eyes of one who lies
Half propped in many a snowy fold
And, blushing, holds a willing ear
Close to his eager lips to hear
A story that is ages old.

The doctor gravely shakes his head
And bends above an ashen face;
A widow, wailing for her dead,
Is led half fainting from the place,
And over there a jeweled hand
Is weakly raised to give command
And weakly falls, and through the halls
Death paces slowly, loath to leave,
While still the nurse beside the cot
Bends lower, listening to what
Exultant Adam told to Eve.

Death stooped last night behind that screen
And smoothed a martyr's weary brow
Where one with new hope looks between
Soft pillows at her baby now,
And over there beside the door
Lies one whom pain shall reach no more,
Whose work is done, who, ere the sun
Goes down shall soar or dumbly rest,
And she that blushing bent above
Yon cot goes dreaming dreams of love
To cross two hands upon a breast.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Why Tom Crowder Re-enlisted

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Six months of soldiering in the Philippines had taken all the edge off Tom Crowder's military ardor. In a year the sight of a khaki uniform hurt his eyes, and he began to realize that in all the world no village was so fair to look upon as Sugar Creek, Ills., the home town where Crowder & Sons kept store and where the event of each droning day was "traintime." When two years had almost passed, he began to dream of swinging under the elms in the old front yard at home and wondered as he nibbled at the everlasting hardtack how many pitted cherry pies he could eat at one sitting in the dining room at home.

When a young soldier's mind begins to dwell on the pies that mother used to make, he cannot flourish on sow belly. But when he begins to decorate his tent wall with the photographs of Tillie and Sue and "the folks" he's fit for nothing but furloughs and sick leave, and if there's anything of the quitter about him he's in imminent danger of forgetting to answer roll call some dark evening when the music of the sea beyond the jungle lures him with false songs of home. Tom heard the siren voice all right, but he didn't lure a little bit. His term of enlistment was almost at an end, and he satisfied himself with blotting each dull day off the calendar, writing doggerel verse about Tillie and making himself a nuisance generally to his bunkie.

He used to swear roundly that he meant to "hike back" to Sugar Creek as fast as ship and train could carry him, and hoped by all that was holy that once he was mustered out he'd never see a soldier again. He got to be the worst "knocker" in the company, and he wrote so many letters that his comrades began to ask him why he didn't write a few to himself.

"If you got such a good home and swell people, why don't some of 'em write to you?" sneered his tent mate one night. "You can't be very strong with Tillie, or she'd write you at least once a year."

Now the latter question was a sore one with Tom, because nobody wrote to him except his mother, and her letters seldom reached him during the final months of his campaigning in the interior. He had quarreled with his brother so many times that no love was lost between them, and his father didn't write for the good reason that he didn't know how. As for Tillie, the young soldier had no reason to expect letters from her. When he left home, she was only 16, and his "affair" with her was of the long distance, mooning, mental sort peculiar to boys and girls just out of high school. If Tom had been perfectly fair in his introspection, he must have admitted that there was nothing very tangible in his hopes with regard to Tillie. He told himself a thousand times that she was "the one girl," and coddled himself with the belief that his fealty to her was little short of heroic, and that by some mysterious telepathic sympathy she must by this time be pining away for his return.

He wasn't "in love" when he enlisted, but he had her picture and his mother's, and by a natural process of longing for home he developed quite a fierce and yearning passion for Tillie. A hundred times he began a letter to her, but he never had the nerve to send it. He cut her initials on trees, fences and tent poles and wrote her name a dozen times on every scrap of paper that he could find. He sang it, spelled it and whistled it till his soul was in a fine frenzy, and he knew by heart the long speech of proposal that he meant to whisper into her little pink ear the first time he could get her alone in the swing or on the narrow seat of dad's spring wagon.

So when Tom got back to Manila and "regular mails" he was stirred by an unreasonable hope that there would be at least one letter from Tillie. He was disappointed, but not disheartened, to find nothing but three old missives from his mother, in which there was not a word of his heart's delight and a volume of motherly advice about the care he should take of himself, the things he should eat and drink, the comrades he should avoid and the prayers he should say. Her latest letter was full of the "time they would give him" when he got home, and it concluded with the hint of a "great surprise" that was in store for him. Of course that put new zest into his "honing for home" and his hatred for the army rose in proportion.

The whole town was at the station when Tom swung off the train steps at Sugar Creek. The Silver Cornet band, with old Bill Tomlinson, shako and all, at its head, was standing on the platform playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Great flags waved above the depot, and yards of bunting stretched clear across the street from Crowder's grocery store to the town hall. Tom almost fell into the arms of his mother. Even his brother Jim seemed to have forgotten all differences and hugged him. But, best of all, there was Tillie, quite a woman now, prettier than ever, blushing furiously and holding his hand as she had never held it before and holding up her radiant face to be kissed as often as he liked. The small boys yelled "Hooray for Tom Crowder!" old man Crowder shed tears of joy, prominent citizens wearing badges marked "Reception" ushered the hero into a carriage, and as Tom was whisked away to the mayor's residence for a brief carnival of speech making and handshaking the band played "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight."

But it all seemed too long to the returned hero. He felt very proud and happy of course. He bowed to the judge and shook hands with everybody and tried to make a speech, but all the time his eyes were seeking Tillie, and his heart was aching for another chance to greet her. At last the guests withdrew, and Tom and Jim and Mr. and Mrs. Crowder and—wondrous luck—Tillie all piled into the big carriage and were driven up to the Crowder home.

"And now, my son," said the proud old father, "now comes the greatest surprise of all. Tillie, bring him out."

And Tillie, all blushes, ran into the bedroom only to reappear in a moment with a bundle of muslin and lace that looked like a small bolster.

"Allow me, Tom, to introduce you to your nephew, Tom Crowder, the second."

Then they all laughed and clapped their hands, except poor Tom and the baby.

"Whose kid is it?" asked Tom faintly as his white face turned from the child's to Tillie's.

"Why, it's Tillie's," laughed the mother, "Tillie's and Jim's. They were married a year ago, but we thought we'd keep the secret awhile."

"We thought it'd make you homesick, mebbe," said Jim.

"Do you want to hold him, Tom?" whispered Tillie, holding out the baby. "You're his godfather, you know."

Tom held his little namesake for awhile, but he didn't seem to know just what to say. They laughed at him, teased him and praised him till his mother suggested that he looked worn out and should go to bed.

Tom re-enlisted last week in spite of the combined objections of Jim, Tillie and the old folks.

"No use kickin about it, dad," he said. "I got the fever, and I can't shake it. You don't need me in the store, an I guess they ain't more than enough to split 'tween two families. I'll get along all right; but, honest, dad, I just couldn't live here in Sugar Creek another week. Tell Tillie to write to me about the kid."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of Lincoln.

During Mr. Lincoln's practice of his profession of the law, long before he was thought of for president, he was attending the circuit court, which met at Bloomington, Ills. The prosecuting attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamon, was a man of great physical strength, and took particular pleasure in athletic sports, and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent.

One pleasant day in the fall Lamon was wrestling near the courthouse with some one who had challenged him to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished, and Lamon got up to address the jury, and, having on a somewhat short coat, his misfortune was rather apparent.

One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of trousers for Lamon, "he being," the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ludicrous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln on a plea that he was engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

One Way to Boil a Ham.

The following is the recipe of the famous John Chamberlin of Washington for boiling a ham:

"To boil a ham a la Chamberlin, the night before put the ham in a tub of cold water, fleshy part downward, skin part up. Next morning put the ham in a large kettle or pot of cold water to boil. Let the water get hot gradually and continue to cook the ham in a slow boil, scarcely more than a simmer. At the end of five hours take the ham out, throw the water out of the pot and fill it with fresh cold water. Put the ham back immediately and let it simmer or boil slowly five hours more. Then add, according to the size of your purse, a gallon of vinegar or a gallon of claret or burgundy or champagne; then simmer or boil for three hours more. Then take the ham off, skin it and put in a cool place. Next morning trim it and eat when you are ready.

"To prevent the ham from tearing or the water suddenly boiling too fast it is always safe to sew a piece of cotton cloth tightly around the ham so as to fit as close as a glove. This will keep the meat firm and guard against the neglect of the cook in letting the water boil too fast."—New York Herald.

A Clever Woman's Answer.

"Do you not consider your husband the most graceless sinner in existence?"

This question was asked the wife of a gay Lothario by a rival for his affections while playing a game called "candor."

The stillness became intense and every pair of eyes grew rounder as those present looked from one woman to the other. It was the husband's voice that broke the silence.

"Your question is out of order, Beatrice," he said quietly. "It is a rule laid down in courts of law that a woman is not required to testify against her husband."

In the confusion that followed as the game broke up the man sought his wife's side. "What should you have replied to the query of the fair Beatrice if I had not come to your rescue so nently?" he demanded.

"I should have said you were a sinner, yes, but a graceful rather than a graceless one."—Lippincott's.

Slow but Inexorable Justice.

In October, 1900, Pietro Giaconi and Marie Bonelli were tried at Rome on a charge of sextuple murder by poisoning committed 31 years before. In England Eugene Aram was hanged for the murder of Clarke 14 years after the offense. A man named Horne was executed for the murder of his child in the eighteenth century no less than 35 years after the offense. There is also the well known case of Governor Wall, who was executed in 1802 for a murder committed in 1782. Sherward was hanged at Norwich for the murder of his wife after a lapse of 20 years.

But Sir FitzJames Stephens recalls what is the most remarkable case of all. He prosecuted as counsel for the crown in 1863 a man who was charged with stealing a leaf from a parish register 60 years before—that is, in 1803. In this case the prisoner was acquitted.

The Strength of a Shark.

Given special advantages, such as that of holding the end of a stout rope at the other extremity of which is a hook fixed in a shark's mouth, man may, with the assistance of a number of his fellows, have the best of the shark. But alone and in the water the advantage is wholly and absolutely the other way, and the strongest swimmer and the bravest heart fail when the tyrant of the sea seeks to make his acquaintance.

The shark is a creature gifted with great strength, a savage temper, dogged perseverance and exceptional power of jaw. The lion and tiger may mangle, the crocodile may lacerate, the bulldog may hold fast—the shark alone of living creatures possesses the power of nipping off a human limb at a clean bite.

Gender of the Sword.

Among the many curious notions obtaining among the different races using the sword may be noted the gender of the weapon. In the north of Europe it was either masculine, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany, while in the south it was uniformly feminine. Its force and cruelty appealed to the northern mind. Its grace and elegance attracted the warriors of the sunny south. It typified to the one strength, to the other dignity.—Exchange.

Early Experience.

Mother (to baby)—It's muzzer's little ootsy-tootsy. Muzzer loves her little darling baby.

Fanny (who has just been spanked)—Don't you believe her, baby. When you (sob) grow up, she'll spank you t-t-too!—Exchange.

LINES OF THE FACE.

THEIR RELATION TO THE BEARD AND THE MUSTACHE.

A Knowledge of Drawing on the Part of Men, Says a Woman Artist, Would Have the Effect of Enhancing Masculine Good Looks.

"A knowledge of drawing on the part of men would have the effect of increasing their good looks," said a lady teacher of that art recently, "and it would make presentable many a man whose appearance is not calculated to excite admiration. It sounds an odd combination, drawing and beauty, does it not? Nevertheless it is a fact."

To the natural request for an explanation she replied:

"The first principles of drawing are geometrical lines and curves. These lines and curves occur in everything. A potter in criticising an ugly shaped jar will most probably tell you that its 'lines' are bad. Most of those who dabble in drawing and gain certificates merely learn to make these lines and curves without acquiring the slightest knowledge of their effect.

"Here is an example. Just take this pencil and draw a face. Oh, anything will do! But be sure to make two straight lines over the eyes for eyebrows. That's it. See how serious that expression is?

"Now rub out these straight lines and in their places make two curves with the ends upward. That face has an expression of intense surprise, hasn't it? If you had made curved eyebrows with the ends down in the first instance, the difference between the two would have been more striking.

"Well, the human face has its 'lines,' and by studying them our men could improve their appearance. The most elementary expedient is to adapt the mustache and beard to the lines of the face, and I must here tell you that 'lines' in technical language include both straights and curves. Such an expedient is within the reach of all, and there is no need for me to remind you that the whiskers make a tremendous difference in a man's appearance.

"Take a man with an aquiline nose, clear cut features and broad brow, then imagine this individual with a long, drooping mustache—why, it accentuates the whole 'droop' of the face and spoils it. Such a man should have a small pointed beard and a mustache with ends pointing slightly upward.

"The exact opposite is also frequently met with. A man with features that have a distinct upward tendency will wear a mustache with ends that are turned up and so long that they seem to be thinking of joining the eyebrows. Men with mustaches that display an inclination to grow long ends think that these ends should be permitted to grow and that they must be trained upward. That strikes them as the only proper way. But to suit the lines of the face those ends should in many cases be cut off, and in others they ought to be trained downward.

"Whiskers, again, are allowed to grow whether they suit the face or not. Often a fine, vigorous, manly face is contradicted by an insipid little mustache worn over a firm, clear cut mouth, the expression of which it does much to alter. It is quite a pity to see such fine lines spoilt in that way. The wearer cultivates the hirsute appendage merely because it is the fashion for men to have a mustache. You talk about women being slaves to Dame Fashion, but in the matter of your whiskers you men are worse slaves than we are to dress.

"Now don't run away with the notion that I advocate general shaving. Some men who are clean shaved ought not to be. The lines of their faces simply demand that of which they are depriving their countenance every morning. It requires a strong, very intellectual face to do without beard or mustache. The latter is an absolute necessity for hiding the bad lines of some mouths that would if left totally uncovered spoil the whole face.

"Women as a rule are more careful of their lines and choose hats and other things to match. Men also study their dress more than the hair on their faces, but a knowledge of drawing would correct many mistakes in ties, colors and other masculine accessories.

"In the matter of color we rather pass from the domain of drawing and mere 'lines' and trespass on the realm of painting, but I cannot resist saying that both men and women, especially the former, would be all the better looking if they knew more about the blending of colors, because they would not then choose hues which do not harmonize with their complexions. I have known a man with red hair to wear a red tie because red ties were fashionable!

"We are all going in for art and the beautiful nowadays, and you men are not handsome as a body. You could make yourselves more handsome by attending to such easily managed details as I have pointed out. See that your sons learn drawing."—Pearson's Weekly.

Applied Christianity.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.

"Papa," he said.

"Well?"

"'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you'—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my son."

"And it's perfectly right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, indeed."

Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity.

"Eat it, papa!" he said.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Sense of Smell.

Experts in the manufacture of perfumery say that the sense of smell can be developed just as acutely as the sense of sight, hearing, taste and touch. This would seem [illegible] but it is a well known fact that after sniffing three or four different perfumes the sense [illegible] loses its power [illegible] to distinguish odors is entirely lost. This to a degree is true of the other senses, but its power lasts longer. An expert is able by putting a drop or two of perfume on a bit of cotton to tell what it is and just what extracts enter into its composition.

To Preserve Meat.

Meat of any kind may be preserved in a temperature of 80 to 100 degrees for a period of ten days after it has been soaked in a solution of one pint of salt dissolved in four gallons of cold water and one-half gallon of a solution of bisulphate of calcium. By repeating this process the preservation may be extended by the addition of a solution of gelatin or the white of an egg to the salt and water.

Water.

The ocean is a huge spring, containing not only salt, but many other minerals, in solution. The Dead sea is charged with such elements almost to saturation. Only distilled water is pure. By distillation sea water itself is rendered drinkable, though not pleasant.

In Days of Old.

"The old idea," said the lecturer, "was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"Yes," concluded one of his hearers, "and there were no painless dentists in those days either."—Detroit Free Press.

There are lots of people who will not take a dare to do anything except a dare to go to work.—Atchison Globe.

TOOK HIM LITERALLY

That Was Why His Signature Was Rejected at the Bank.

[illegible]

"I can't pay you the money," [illegible]

"Why not?" asked the astonished stranger.

"Because I found the signature [illegible]

"Well," said the stranger, "when I was here a year ago you told me to write with my left hand [illegible] but I can't write very well that way."

"Then will you oblige me by writing your name with your left hand again," I asked, and a light dawned upon me.

He [illegible] produced a facsimile of his first signature, and I apologized and [illegible]—Washington Star.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Plants cannot live if deprived of their leaves.

Tea plants at the age of 7 years yield 700 pounds of [illegible] to the acre.

The date palm requires a hot, dry air, but moisture about the roots and plenty of it.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 800 [illegible] 1,000 and yew 2,880.

An oak tree of average size with 700,000 leaves lifts from the earth about 123 tons of water during the five months it is in leaf.

Jasmin is an Indian shrub. Its starry, waxy white blossoms are [illegible] sweet. All the [illegible] Hindoo [illegible]

There is a rose tree with a trunk 2 feet thick [illegible] over 2,000 blossoms.

"In the Swim."

[illegible]

The Camphor Tree.

The camphor tree of commerce, Cinnamomum camphora, is an evergreen, a member of the laurel family, belonging to the same genus as the tree whose bark furnishes the spice called cinnamon, and is related to the bay and to the sassafras of the United States. Of symmetrical proportions, it is one of the noblest objects in the forests of eastern subtropical Asia. In its native habitat it attains gigantic dimensions, notably in girth of trunk, some specimens measuring 10 to 15 feet in diameter. It is said they have been known to reach even 20 feet, and they may be 60 to over 100 feet high, and live to a great age.

As a rule, they rise 20 to 30 feet without limbs and then branch out in all directions, bearing a mass of splendid and luxuriant foliage. The leaves, broadly lanceolate in form, are of a light green color, smooth and shining above and [illegible] or glaucous on the under surface. Small white or greenish white flowers are borne from February to April and by October ripen into berrylike, one seeded fruits about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.—Good Words.

Keeping at It.

There is a very old but very good story about a boy who was engaged one winter day in putting a ton of coal into a cellar. His only implement was a small fire shovel. Noticing this, a benevolent old gentleman expressed surprise and [illegible]

"My son," [illegible] "you don't expect to put in all that coal with that [illegible] shovel?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the boy cheerfully. "All I have to do is to keep at it."

[illegible] "Keeping at it" [illegible]—Exchange.

Left Handed Medicine.

An Atchison druggist tells this story and declares it to be true. He had tonsilitis, but did not send for a doctor, as he knew he would be all right as soon as the swelling "broke." But his wife was worried and insisted on sending for a doctor. When the doctor arrived, he looked through his medicine case and said he had nothing suitable for the patient, that the medicine he had was for the right side, whereas the swelling in the throat was on the left side. Then he [illegible] to get [illegible]—Atchison Globe.

Catching a Feminine Fish.

[illegible]

The Mean Thing.

Miss [illegible]—I mean to think of my fortieth birthday.

Miss Pert—Why [illegible] something unpleasant [illegible]

"Save the Child!"

That is the [illegible] of many a mother who sees her beloved child wasting and fading day by day. Sometimes it's too late for medical help [illegible]

[illegible]

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A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to [illegible]

[illegible]

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

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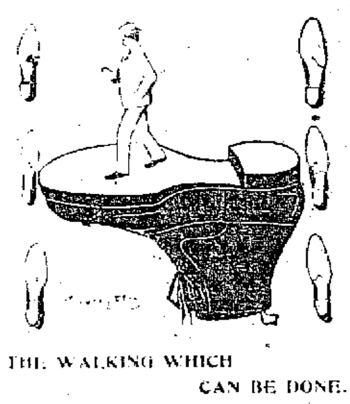

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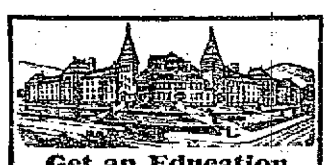

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RAILROAD.

[illegible]

Time Table [illegible]

TRAINS [illegible]

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

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NORTH A. M.	Weekdays. STATIONS.	SOUTH P. M.
[illegible]	Ridgway	[illegible]
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
[illegible]	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
[illegible]	Straight	[illegible]
[illegible]	Instanter	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Run	[illegible]
[illegible]	Wetmore	[illegible]
[illegible]	Clermont	[illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at [illegible] a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway, 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Ag't

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking effect May 27th, 1901

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

7:[illegible] A. M.—Mail and Express, daily, for Ormsby, [illegible], Simpson, Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west, and with B. R. & P. for Buffalo, leaving Bradford at 9 a. m.

9:55 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & W. Ry. for Nansen, Russell City, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:[illegible] A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting with P. R. R. (P. & E. Div.) at Kane for Sheffield, Clarendon, Warren, Irvine, Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:[illegible] P. M.—Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford, connecting with B., R. & P. for Buffalo and Rochester, leaving Bradford at 3:30 p. m. and Mt. Jewett and Kane; connecting at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Sheffield, Tiona, Warren, Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:10 P. M.—Mail and Express daily for Ormsby Junction, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and daily except Sunday for Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford; connecting at Bradford with train to Erie R. R. for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 5:10 a. m. daily, 9:00 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 2:30 p. m. daily except Sunday, and 6:[illegible] p. m. daily.

For tickets and full information call on or address W. T. WALSH, Ticket Agt., Smethport, Pa.
JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pas. Agent, Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Saturday, Aug. 5, 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

[illegible]

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

[illegible]

Close connections at St. Marys with P. & E. R. R. and at [illegible] East and West. At Clermont, for all points [illegible] W. N. Y. & P. R'y. for their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

F—Flag station.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
CHAS. H. HAMMOND, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad. Time Table, taking effect Monday, [illegible]

		STATIONS.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ulysses	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Carpenter	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Perkins	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Newfield Junction	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Seven Bridges	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Colesburg	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Coudersport	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hammonds	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Olmsted	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Mina	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Knowlton	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Roulette	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Burtville	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Coleman	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Chemical Works	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Port Allegany	[illegible]

† Flag stations. [illegible]

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. [illegible] Junction with B. & S. R. R.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

Kushequa Route.

In Effect May 26, 1901.

Leave Newton for Smethport, 8:25 a. m., 12:[illegible] p. m.

Arrive Smethport 9:47 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 7:17 p. m.

Leave Smethport for Mt. Jewett 7:55 a. m., 12:[illegible] p. m.

Arrive Mt. Jewett 9:05 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 7:35 p. m.

[illegible]

Leonard Koenig,

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AND
DECORATING.

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Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, Penna.